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AUSTERITY FOR SOCIALISM

THE honeymoon period is over. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lyttelton and other Conservative members of the Government are not yet used to seeing other very competent persons, drawn from the ranks of the common people, expounding politics from the Treasury Bench and rebuking them with the authority of office. At long last Labour, which has been broadly right about home and foreign affairs for the last ten years, has its chance to govern. Mr. Morrison's speech on Tuesday was a "bold, decisive and sensible" statement of Labour's domestic policy. The keynote was the refusal to repeat the errors of 1918, from which Britain never recovered. If Mr. Lyttelton and Lord Beaverbrook had their way, we should follow the example of the United States, abolish controls and let "free enterprise" run riot. The result in sight already in the United States is admitted to be an unemployment figure of eight millions or more within the next few months. Britain cannot afford to run such risks even of "transitional" unemployment and waste. To do so, as Mr. Morrison said, might give us a "brighter London" for eighteen months, with a totally ruinous bill to pay at the end of it. The unexpectedly early end of the Japanese war will help financially; the saving will reduce the estimated deficit of £2,300,000,000 in the current year. But Mr. Dalton did right to counter the unscrupulous propaganda of the millionaire press that taxation can be considerably reduced; there can, in fact, be no "extravagant" relief in the autumn Budget. Nor, in view of the world shortage of food, coal and of all commodities, can we expect an easier living standard during the coming winter. Sir Stafford Cripps honestly told us that our clothing coupons will have to last longer; there will be less sugar for commercial use; and we have to face a long period of retained controls.

All this would be sour reading if put forward without a constructive policy. But Mr. Morrison was not content with "austerity." On the contrary, we have to continue wartime discipline just because we are determined to have a better standard of life and an England based on social justice in the future. The Government aims at a Britain which combines Socialist planning with freedom, and it was refreshing to hear plainly stated the truth that "freedom" in the capitalist world commonly means economic bondage of the majority. Social services are not relief or charity measures; they are part of an intelligent economy. We are saving not only to make ourselves financially stable, but to build better in the future. All over the country people say: "If you could spend £14,000,000 a day on war, why should you be restricted in your expenditure on peace?" The answer is that our expenditure during the war was only half covered by taxation. We have accumulated at home an enormous debt to holders of State I.O.U.s, and we owe large sums abroad. If we are to avoid an inflationary scramble for scarce goods, and to make the kind of attack on poverty that the Labour Government has promised, we can only do so by going without many luxuries and seeing that no one goes without the necessities. The alternatives are to let things rip until we bust, or by planning and foresight to share scarcity fairly now so that we can share abundance equally in the future.

The Ethics of Uranium

The Government has done well to appoint an Advisory Committee to study the uses of atomic energy, both on the technical side and in the realm of policy. Sir John Anderson should make a good chairman. He has spoken on this subject with a deep sense of responsibility; he has had a scientific training and he was in charge of this enterprise from the start. The other members, scientists, soldiers and civil servants, are in their proper places. If we have a criticism, it is that at least one non-technical member of the Committee should have been familiar with the Socialist approach to this question, which is as vital for the industrial uses of atomic energy as for the problem of peace. In so far as we can form any estimate of public opinion, it is overwhelmingly against any attempt on the part of the English-speaking Powers to monopolise this discovery in their own interests. The monopoly, as Sir James Chadwick has warned us, could last only for a few years. If competition starts, it threatens all human life with destruction. The problem before us, as Mr. Winant has insisted, is now one of morals. Each ally in the war "put everything it had into a common pool: . . . if we are to survive we must carry that idea into the future." But what in detail should this mean? First that the formulæ of the atomic bomb should be entrusted to the Chiefs of Staff of the Security Council, and that the international scientific team concerned with research and manufacture should work under its direction. Secondly, it must control both the sources of supply of the essential materials and the location of the necessary plant. From this we shall have to go on to evolve from the rudimentary sketch of the San Francisco Charter an adequate machinery of World Government which will have to include an organic International Police Force.

Slow Motion in the Far East

Save in one particular, Far Eastern moves since the Japanese acceptance of the Potsdam ultimatum have had about them the quality of a tantalising slow-motion film. In the Russian theatre there has been no lack of speed: the three-pronged invasion of Manchuria by the Red Army has swept forward to Mukden and Harbin; and the Japanese Kwantung Army (as a result, it may be, to some extent of successful Communist propaganda) has been to all intents and purposes liquidated. Elsewhere there is much still to be cleared up in an obscure situation. British forces are about to re-occupy Hongkong—an enclave in China whose future disposal will be the subject, we presume, of negotiations with the Chungking Government—but there is no sign of any Japanese surrender on the Burma front. As for Japan itself, it is now announced that, following the Manila parleys, General MacArthur will begin landing occupation forces at the beginning of next week; but it is not yet clear what their reception will be, or how widely the scope of occupation will be extended. Japanese broadcasts are still talking about the "undefeated" Japanese army and announce the imposition of a "non-fraternisation rule" on the civil population. The disquiet felt in Australia and New Zealand at the apparent readiness of the United States to tolerate the continuance of Hirohito's monarchy has been well expressed by Mr. Evatt, and it will not be relieved by recent American Press insistence that the industrial economy of Japan must be sustained. Liberal opinion, indeed, throughout the world is seriously concerned to know what the relations are going to be between the American Supreme Commander and the Japanese Government, of which the present Vice-Premier, Prince Konoye, concluded the military alliance with Germany and Italy, launched, as Prime Minister, the war on China, and condoned the stripping of British subjects in Tientsin. Is he to remain in office, or with him the Foreign Secretary, Shigemitsu, the friend of Hitler and Mussolini?

The End of Lend-Lease

President of a country which Mr. Roosevelt temporarily pulled twenty years ahead of its political development, and which is now set on the speediest possible reversion to rugged individualism—with every control save those on a few scarce materials swept away overnight—Mr. Truman has found it politically expedient not to await the reassembly of Congress but to wind-up Lend-Lease forthwith. Following the articles in the *New York Times* by Mr. Arthur Krock, who recently summed up the attitude of American Conservatives as one of point-blank refusal "to underwrite State Socialism in Britain," this decision suggests unmistakably that further credits from the U.S.A. to this, or any other European country, will have "strings on them." Indeed, Mr. Crowley, Federal Economic Administrator, has hinted broadly that any further long-term credits to Britain—either for purchase of U.S. goods or (a more urgent need) to enable us to unfreeze part of the £3,500 millions held by our creditors in "blocked" sterling balances—will depend on "negotiations." The difficulty of satisfying, in such negotiations, America's objection to any defensive tariffs round the sterling area doubtless accounted for Mr. Dalton's reticence over the Bretton Woods agreement in his speech on Tuesday. Fortunately for us, we need not attach too much importance to Mr. Lyttelton's thesis that we are economically the prisoner of the U.S.A. If America is to succeed in "exporting" any part of her future unemployment, she must trade with the sterling area; and it must, therefore, be a going concern.

Socialism and Finance

It was as a circumspect and practical Chancellor, with his feet well on the ground, that Mr. Dalton outlined to Parliament on Tuesday the means whereby he hopes to make finance the servant of social reconstruction. First, he placed the nationalisation of the Bank of England in its correct perspective: the change might not make much practical difference, and the Treasury would not interfere obstructively in the day-to-day work of an institution over which Lord Catto would continue during a transition period to preside; but the important point would now be firmly established by Statute that control of central banking policy is vested in the Government, instead of depending, as hitherto, on the continuance of "friendly relationships" between a Bank theoretically controlled by stockholders and the Treasury. Next, Mr. Dalton sketched, with as much precision as could at this stage be expected, his policy with regard to monetary rates and the control of capital investment. Emphasising rightly the imperative need to have housing and other major capital works financed at low interest rates, he pointed to "cheap money" (with adequate controls against inflation) as the obvious target; but he said nothing to indicate whether he has in mind a revision of the general structure of interest rates—a bold move on the eve of the big autumn Savings Campaign—or intends simply to place Treasury credit at the disposal of local authorities and socially important industries marked out for rehabilitation. As for investment, the proposed system of controls and direction would be permanent; but the precise scope of functions of the projected National Investment Board has not yet (we infer) taken shape in the Chancellor's mind. Mr. Dalton seemed to be alive to the danger of excessive bureaucratic control over the financing of projects in the large sector of Britain's economy remaining in the hands of private enterprise; but he did not say whether the Investment Board will control simply new capital offers to the public or will extend its purview to cover the raising of loans by existing enterprises from the banks or investment corporations. Nor did he throw any light on the question whether the Board would take steps to stimulate investment in a depression.

Banking on Mr. Bevan

Conscious as he must be that popular judgment of the Government's performance will depend, first and foremost, on its success in getting enough houses built expeditiously, the Prime Minister is banking heavily on Mr. Bevan. The Minister of Health, according to Mr. Greenwood's statement in the House last Friday, is to have undivided responsibility for housing *policy*. The Minister of Works will have the function of controlling Supply—materials, prefabricated units and components—for the building industry, and the Minister of Town and Country Planning will have a role so far indefinite. Mr. Greenwood defended the Cabinet's decision to defer the establishment of an overall Housing and Planning Ministry on the ground that the change would entail legislation and "more inter-Departmental confusion and delay." However that may be—and for our part we are convinced that Housing and Planning policy must ultimately be amalgamated in a single Ministry—the immediate result is that the Minister of Health will be faced simultaneously with two major tasks. For, housing apart, he will be engrossed in the difficult and intricate job of giving shape to a genuine national medical service. The Government is rightly repudiating the behind-the-scenes concessions made by Mr. Willink to reactionary elements in the B.M.A. and is "going back to the White Paper." This was what the electorate expected; but it means that Mr. Willink's successor will have to start negotiations *de novo* with the doctors, and on his ability to persuade them to co-operate the success of the service must ultimately depend. Even with social insurance legislation postponed until next year, Mr. Bevan has his plate full.

Housing Policy

Having inherited from his predecessors a pretty meagre housing legacy—the best item being the acquisition of 230,000 "permanent" sites—Mr. Bevan can justifiably ask for time to feel his way before announcing a cut-and-dried housing plan. Certainly no more than a shadowy outline of policy was given by Mr. Greenwood. He produced some negatives: neither licence nor subsidy will be granted for the construction of middle-class houses for sale, so long as the people's more urgent needs are unsatisfied. Further, there is to be no delay in developing more extensive factory production of components, and no undue tenderness to the "wasteful and extravagant cost-plus system of contracts." But we have yet to learn the means which the Minister of Health proposes to see that houses are built in the right places, that they conform to sound standards of density and cubic size, that costs of materials are reduced and, above all, that the available labour force is rapidly augmented. A large Building Loan, no matter how low the rate of interest, will not produce houses quickly unless Mr. Bevan succeeds in extracting from the Services the draughtsmen, quantity surveyors and similar skilled personnel whose absence is still crippling the preliminary planning of local authorities.

Greece Before the Elections

The recent shuffle of Ministers has made very little difference to the appearance or behaviour of the Voulgaris Cabinet and has done nothing to answer the widespread demand in Greece for a representative administration to conduct the elections. The first result has been an official Communist refusal to participate in them—a lead which has apparently been followed by the Liberals and other E.A.M. groups. The Soviet decision against sharing in the supervision of the ballot is regrettable. It appears from *Izvestia* that it arises from a desire to reject a precedent whose application to other Balkan countries is not desired by the U.S.S.R. The Russians also question whether formal supervision of the polls is sufficient to secure a fair election. For the British Government, that is the problem that must be faced. The Royalist excesses—which still continue—are but one aspect of it. There is also the more subtle propaganda that Allied friendship and UNRRA help depend on a decisive vote against E.A.M. Mr. Eden repudiated this suggestion months ago, but as it is still apparently being made even by British officers in Greece as well as by royalist propagandists, the British Government would do well to make a plain statement and see that it is circulated throughout Greece. Finally, there is the continued imprisonment under appalling conditions and—for the lucky ones—trial, of thousands of E.L.A.S. partisans and political prisoners. Mr. Bevin has expressed the hope that an amnesty will be granted and the prisons emptied. We hope that the visit of the Regent will be an opportunity for Mr. Bevin to insist on the restoration of more democratic conditions.

PARLIAMENT: Down to Business

Wednesday

THE debate on the King's Speech started with the Leader of H.M. Opposition cooing cherubically at the Prime Minister. It ended with Mr. Churchill snarling at Mr. Morrison that he had no right to talk about patriotism. The House had got down to business.

But the ceremonies of last week had their importance. Mr. Attlee was quite rightly determined that the new Labour Government should omit not one tittle of the traditional procedure, and that it should be firmly anchored to the institution of monarchy which "worked out through long years of constitutional development, protects us from many of those troubles which we have seen arise in many countries." If our trampings between St. Stephen's Hall, St. Margaret's and the two Chambers have embarrassed Mr. Churchill's plan for catching us out introducing "Left-wing tyranny," the time has been well spent.

The first day of the debate still conformed to the mood of VJ. celebrations. Mr. Churchill from the Opposition front bench began by giving the last of his Prime Ministerial war reports. Then, turning to home affairs, he proved that, unlike Mr. Eden—who was curiously ill at ease at the Despatch Box—he still stands in a class by himself as a parliamentarian. Mr. Attlee did not attempt to compete with these exquisite verbal pirouettes. Completely self-possessed, he contented himself with an austere and completely competent statement of policy. The first breeze blew up late that evening over Mr. Morrison's motion to take all private members' time. Sir Alan Herbert, Mr. Pickthorn and Mr. W. J. Brown did their rumbustious turns as expected. They were neatly answered by Mr. Paton in an impromptu maiden speech. But Mr. Churchill gave a hint of more serious opposition to come when he got up to state, quite irrelevantly, that Mr. Morrison's further proposal to appoint a select committee on parliamentary procedure confirmed his prediction "that one of the earliest acts of a Socialist majority would be to cramp and fetter discussion . . . because of their dictatorial skin which is in the nature of the Party." In the first Division which then followed the Liberal Party split.

Friday began a little dully. Mr. Butler was heavily facetious. A number of new Members delivered competent maiden speeches and then Mr. Greenwood rose to speak on housing. Despite his accomplished manner, he could not prevent the Tories from scoring points on the Government's failure to create a Ministry of Housing. Since Mr. Bevan did not speak, this discussion petered out.

It looked at first as though Monday was going to be equally uneventful. Mr. Bevin disposed so conscientiously of the idea that he took his cue from Professor Laski that Mr. Eden could only say "I agree" at inordinate length; and Brig. Maclean, one of the Tories' brightest hopes, flopped badly. Maiden speeches from the Labour back benches provided all the constructive criticism. Major Wilkes, Mr. Callaghan, and Mr. Platts-Mills were admirably factual, and Mr. Michael Foot proved that the House still likes a first-rate verbal pamphleteer. Mr. Noel-Baker wisely diverted attention from the critics behind him by appealing to the Greek people for discipline.

Tuesday's discussion of finance started quietly. Mr. Lyttelton was injudiciously worried about American dollars. Hugh Gaitskell made the best of many excellent Labour speeches, a model of modest competence. Then the Tory benches began to fill as the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose to tell them what would happen to their investments. This was no longer ceremonial but the real thing. Mr. Churchill kept bobbing up and down, trying to extract further information. He got it. The Investment Board is not a temporary but a permanent measure of Socialism. The Tory backbenchers fidgeted and then expounded their pained surprise at inordinate length.

Finally, Mr. Morrison rose to wind up. The House roared with laughter as he slowly read aloud Mr. Churchill's parliamentary statement on the nationalisation of the Bank of England and his election warning that it would cost every small investor his last penny. Then Mr. Morrison turned on Mr. Lyttelton and rebuked him so stingingly that Mr. Churchill was roused to plain rudeness. How could the Cockney son of a policeman talk in such a way to a captain of industry! For the first time, the House was feeling what it means to have a Labour Government. Up till then, the Labour front bench had been content to display competence. Mr. Morrison showed that it had the power of leadership as well.

PHINEAS

BRITAIN AND EUROPE

It is not surprising that Mr. Bevin's first speech on foreign policy was greeted with some enthusiasm from the Opposition and received in silence by his own supporters. The Tories, who had whipped themselves into a state of nervous apprehension about Professor Laski's recent statements on Socialist policy, were confronted with a sober and cautious announcement which expressly reaffirmed the continuity of Mr. Bevin's policy with that of Mr. Eden, and associated this country with U.S. State Department protests against "Left-wing dictatorship" in the Balkans. Not unnaturally, Tory comments were limited to surprised expressions of relief, and the task of criticism was left entirely to the Labour benches. That this criticism was both well-informed and constructive augurs well for the future; that it was contributed by Socialist backbenchers is not surprising. For the trouble in the past has been, not so much that Tory policy was bad but that it did not really exist. Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Eden's foreign policy was concocted of nineteenth century tradition, reluctantly and spasmodically modified by attention to twentieth century facts. Personal prejudices and antiquated notions were mingled with compromises on principle and *ad hoc* decisions. It was a foreign policy adorned with plenty of noble phrases, but lacking a workable philosophy to bind it together.

In this first statement of Mr. Bevin's we can perceive the beginning of such a philosophy, expressed with that blend of business sense and the big idea which is typical of the new Foreign Secretary. He has not yet found the solution, but he is feeling his way towards it. Mr. Bevin realises that British policy is limited by two factors—the American control of the technological processes concerned with the production of the atomic bomb, and the complete dependence during this transition period of Britain's economy on American financial aid. He knows that, if we are to avoid becoming a mere appendage of American capitalism, we must do everything to restore the purchasing power and the wage standards of Europe, and we must form with the peoples of Europe a common market, big enough to enable us to stand up together to the export drive which American business is already planning in the near future. He knows, lastly, that in seeking to create this common European market, he must avoid antagonising America, whose financial aid we need, and that we must work with Russia, ever suspicious of plans for an anti-Bolshevik *bloc*. This is the framework of hard, unalterable fact, within which a Social-Democratic foreign policy—for that is what any policy of Mr. Bevin's will be—has to be constructed.

Mr. Bevin rightly emphasised that the paramount task this year—and for that matter, for several years—is the job of economic reconstruction. Behind, and largely conditioning, the political struggle for power in every European country, lie the problems of coal, transport and food. If we wish to win the support of Europe, that will be accomplished, not by speeches, but by Mr. Shinwell and the miners of Great Britain. British coal is the best ambassador of social democracy in every country. The restoration of democratic liberties and constitutional rights will remain an empty phrase, so long as millions shiver and starve, and the few lorries and trains available are used to transport hither and thither millions of displaced persons and expelled Germans. Mr. Noel-Baker gave good news indeed when he announced that the political differences which had stultified the efforts to form the European Transport Commission had now been removed, and that the Commission would soon be in active operation. For this is the first of those functional pan-European organisations on which alone a United Europe can be built. It has long been the thesis of this journal that the most hopeful road to co-operation between Russia and the West is through learning the habit of working together on technical jobs where we speak the same language and have a common interest.

The contribution of this country to the material reconstruction of Europe must inevitably be severely limited. We have given food in the past, but it is obvious that our rations cannot be substantially reduced in the coming winter. Our factories, converted to peacetime production, can, and should, supply some of the tractors, lorries and locomotives which are so desperately needed. But for years to come very little return can be expected from Europe, either in cash or in kind. The goods must be delivered on credit, and we have no credit to offer. Lend-Lease is coming to an end this week, and our ability to help Europe depends on the readiness of America to extend credits to us. It is clear—for the Americans seldom permit sentiment to affect business—that American credits will not be forthcoming if they are to be employed for the formation of a Western-European *bloc*, organised to exclude American goods. On the other hand, America cannot afford to let Britain and Western Europe go down in financial ruin. A delicate balance must be struck, and it will need all Mr. Bevin's negotiating skill to retain American goodwill, and at the same time to prevent us from becoming a partner (very junior) in an Anglo-American *bloc*.

There is a danger that certain passages of his speech will be interpreted as a sign that he has already given way unduly to American pressure. Was it really necessary to identify ourselves with the American protests against the political set-up in Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary, and to vie with Mr. Byrnes in formalistic adherences to parliamentary democracy as a universal panacea? In Bulgaria and Rumania it is very near hypocrisy to talk about the restoration of parliamentary government. These countries have never had parliamentary government or even judicial and civil liberty. The choice here, now and for some time to come, is between a veiled dictatorship of the Left and a naked dictatorship of the Right. Mr. Bevin is justified, of course, in asserting our right to criticise Soviet policy; but let that criticism be realistic. British complaints about Russian policy in the Balkans have neither more nor less utility than Russian complaints about British policy in India or Burma. If we wish to criticise, we should surely state that any elections in Bulgaria or Rumania must be a farce, and that it would be preferable for their Governments to call themselves what they really are—revolutionary dictatorships. Once we accept this position, another conclusion follows. Judged by the standard of political and civil liberties, they are as ruthless as their Fascist predecessors. But judged by their social and economic achievements, they are infinitely superior. The Rumanian Government, for instance, is most certainly not representative. But it has accomplished a measure of land reform, and it has transformed the situation in Transylvania, by according the newly acquired Hungarian minority full rights of citizenship. Such acts of statesmanship should surely be taken into account in deciding the question of diplomatic recognition.

A rather different criticism applies to Mr. Bevin's refusal to recognise the Hungarian Government. It includes representatives of all the major parties. It excludes Fascists, and it does not include Count Bethlen. But it cannot surely have been Mr. Bevin's intention to suggest that the test of Hungary's adherence to democracy would be the inclusion in the Government of members of the old Magyar ruling class that has made Hungary a centre of reactionary intrigue for twenty-five years and a willing part of the Axis during the war? If Labour's foreign policy is not to be grievously misunderstood, Mr. Bevin should amplify his statement at an early date and modify an hostility which is bound to dismay good democrats, not only in Hungary but throughout South-Eastern Europe.

Nor were Mr. Bevin's statements about Greece by any means reassuring. Here, too, he showed a tendency to interpret what is still a revolutionary situation according to the standards of a long established democracy such as Britain enjoys. Despite Allied supervision, it is difficult to believe that elections held under the Voulgaris Government will do credit to those principles of parliamentary democracy for which Mr. Bevin stands. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in forming his judgment on the Greek situation, Mr. Bevin has not had available to him all the essential information. That was clearly the view of some sober critics like Major Lyall Wilkes, the Labour Member for Newcastle Central, who spoke with the authority of personal experience.

We stated earlier that Mr. Bevin was still feeling his way towards a consistent philosophy. At present, there is an obvious gap between the economic and the political principles on which his policy is based. If, as he rightly stressed, the economic factor is the basic factor; if, without economic—and indeed Socialist—reconstruction, political liberty remains a mere phrase; then it is surely essential to realise that the frontiers of parliamentary democracy—at least for some years to come—do not stretch beyond Prague and Vienna. It is only in Western Europe that we can hope to see the restoration of parliamentary government and the building of Social Democracy in the immediate future. Here both Mr. Bevin's economics and his politics make sense. But in South-Eastern Europe his political formalism is in danger, not only of antagonising Russia, but of obstructing that economic and social reconstruction which he agrees is the prime necessity.

REPORT FROM YUGOSLAVIA

(By Cable)

YUGOSLAVIA is celebrating the end of the war by acting speedily to translate the victory of the democracies on the battlefield into solid economic and political benefits for the masses. The word "democratic" figures in all the declarations, resolutions and laws now being made in this capital. Candour compels me to note that the Yugoslav definition fails to accord with any of the meanings of this word in the vocabulary of Western liberalism. The democracy which the Tito regime is instituting has, even in theory, an intolerance and exclusiveness which limit its application. And in practice, at least until now, Partisan Yugoslavia has been ruled with a severity and arbitrariness which are inconsistent with civic liberty and government by consultation with the majority. But candour also compels me to point out that Yugoslavia's tradition of dictatorship and politics by violence makes any democratic innovation a slow process demanding courage. Considering their grievances before the war and during the Occupation, and their instinctive desire for strong defences against a possible counter-revolution, the men who created Partisan Yugoslavia are perhaps now being as liberal as they dare. A survey of current achievements will demonstrate that this has been the most constructive fortnight since liberation was complete.

Up to the time of writing, Marshal Tito has delivered two major addresses which shut the door on the Royal House of Karageorgevitch and established Yugoslavia's need for intensive national rehabilitation with the aid of reparations and of the Allies. These declarations by the Marshal were quickly followed by King Peter's abortive attempt to abolish the Regency, and by the disclosure that the Belgrade Government will soon request a seat on the Allied Reparations Commission for the adjudication of its claim for sixty-one billion dollars war damage.

A general amnesty and reprieve was issued for numerous categories of minor collaborationists, arrested or under threat of prosecution for anti-partisan activities during the Occupation. Already many gaols have been opened for the release of thousands who were led by compulsion or confusion to work for the enemy. Many thousands more have been relieved from the threat of arrest by O.Z.N.A., the secret police agency which quaintly denotes "Department for the Protection of People." However, the amnesty carefully excluded émigré politicians and war criminals, among the latter being all higher officials of the Croat terrorist *Ustashi*, of Serbian *Chetniks*, of quisling special police, of the *Kulturbund* and of the *Gestapo*.

One morning last week a firing squad executed seven aides of the *Chetnik* leader Mihailovitch, who were condemned a week ago for collaboration and for participation in the murder of partisans. The defendants were permitted to present their case to the nation via the broadcast of the full proceedings from the court-room, and eighteen of twenty-five accused received sentences of imprisonment instead of the death penalty.

Apart from confirming further the bestiality of the civil war during the Occupation, the evidence of the defendants and eye-witnesses in this recent treason trial demonstrated that Mihailovitch was not the victim of his subordinates—as his apologists always maintained—but was himself the prime mover in the policy of intimate co-operation with the invaders, abandoning resistance against them in order to wage, side by side with the Germans, a war of annihilation against the Partisans. He accepted regular pay and arms from the Italians, collaborated with the Neditch Government and established liaison with Hungarian and Bulgarian reactionaries as well as the pro-Fascist E.D.E.S. forces of Napoleon Zervas in Greece and the anti-Partisan militia of Jaffer Deva in Albania.

During this eventful fortnight the censorship on outgoing press despatches has been abolished, making Yugoslavia the only country in Central and South-East Europe where foreign correspondents are restrained only by their discretion and professional integrity. It is to be hoped, however, that this startling proof of the regime's growing self-confidence will not be weakened by recent hints in high circles that henceforth the entry of correspondents into Yugoslavia will be more "selective."

Meanwhile separate National Liberation Fronts from six Federal States have been welded into a United People's Front for the entire nation. The Charter of Principles adopted by the Congress of the Front is infused with the spirit of unity among Yugoslav peoples, and calls for a far-reaching social welfare programme. It calls also for Balkan solidarity, for brotherhood with the Soviet Union and for "deepening of friendly connections with Britain, the United States and France." It comes out squarely for a democratic republic, with freedom of the press, public assembly and the ballot; yet it yields to the temper of the times by stipulating that the "enemies of democracy shall be deprived of democratic rights."

Great strides have been made by AVNOJ (Anti-Fascist Council of National Liberation), which has developed from the Resistance Committee of the early days of Occupation into an emergency wartime Assembly. This week, AVNOJ formally changed its name into that of the Provisional Parliament (*Skupshtina*). The current Session is being attended by a hundred and eighteen new deputies, of whom thirty-six belonged to the last regularly elected *Skupshtina* of 1938. It is not yet known how representative these new deputies are of groups outside the People's Front—the coalition of parties which holds power in this country—but their admission into the Parliament is at least a commendable attempt to give some effect to the Yalta decision about the broadening of government along democratic lines. The Plenum and Committees of the new Parliament have been working hard at the task of preparing the country for the October elections which will choose a Constituent Assembly. An analysis of the legislation shows a revolutionary contrast with the showing of the old regime.

While Committees have been ironing out projects for submission to the Plenum, Parliament itself has already passed a basic Bill on which the whole of impending legislation will rest—the law establishing electoral lists. For the first time in Yugoslav history, women are given the right to vote. The minimum age limit for voters has been reduced from twenty-one to eighteen, except for soldiers and former Partisans. These can all vote, no matter how young they are, on the theory that a patriot old enough to fight is old enough to have a share in shaping the future of his country. Conversely, Ministers of the Governments which served the dictatorship between 1929 and 1939 are to be disfranchised, as are members of Fascist organisations and higher officials of the quisling Government and its agencies.

The most significant of the Bills approved by Committees for Parliamentary consideration next week are: (1) *Election of Deputies*. All discrimination against candidates on grounds of race, religion or sex is forbidden. Anyone eligible to vote may hold office—a concession to the youth of many Partisan fighters or workers. Individual candidates and party lists will require a specified number of nominations from constituents before being eligible for the ballot. Successful candidates will be determined by a combination of majority and proportional representation. The ballot for deputies will be secret, and done by a tiny rubber ball concealed in the hand and dropped into one of a series of ballot boxes. This technique—evolved to meet the conditions of a largely illiterate peasantry—was scrapped by the dictatorship during the controlled elections of 1931, 1935 and 1938, when voting was open.

(2) *The Constituent Assembly*. This body will consist of two Houses with equal authority, directly elected. The Federal House will be based on population, with a deputy for every forty thousand persons. The House of Nations will be based on Regionalism. Each of the six Federal Units will have twenty-five deputies, with a smaller representation for Voivodina and other historically self-contained areas. Proclamations and laws will be made in four languages. With the promulgation of the new constitution the Assembly will transform itself into a representative body and continue life as a regular Parliament.

(3) *Agrarian reform*. Large estates will be redistributed on the ancient Turko-Serbian principle that the land must be settled on those who work it. According to the last Royal Yugoslav statistics, in 1931 more than three hundred thousand small farms totalled only five hundred thousand hectares, while two hundred big proprietors owned nearly four hundred thousand hectares. Depending on the soil and the nature of the crops, the Government will limit the size of the farms to from twenty to thirty-five hectares in the valley lands, leaving the State Governments to fix larger maximums for mountain areas. All owners who are not tilling the soil themselves, but who are merely exploiting the labour of others for rent and profit, will be expropriated without compensation. This includes large Church and monastic properties, as well as land owned by banks and other commercial enterprises. However, *bona fide* farmers whose lands exceed the legal maximum will be reimbursed. Any property confiscated will be distributed, according to ascertained need, among peasant soldiers and their families who suffered death, deportation, or the destruction of their homes at the hands of the enemy.

The Government's announced intention is to use part of the expropriated land for the establishment of large-scale model farms in order to teach the peasants scientific methods and to distribute seeds and other basic materials. Machinery depots are to provide agricultural equipment (with trained crews to operate it), which can be hired by individual farmers or by voluntary Collectives.

(4) *Mining*. Yugoslavia's mineral wealth is to be nationalised. All mining and exploration rights and privileges are invalidated. All mineral resources in the country now become State property, but such concessions as were being actively exploited on the day the nationalisation law was promulgated are to be carried on pending agreements, to be worked out later, for the compensation of existing owners. Defending this programme, Andrija Hebrang, the President of the Economic Council, told a Parliamentary Committee that "the concessionaires, closely associated with the former ruling classes of Yugoslavia, plundered our mineral wealth, pocketed fabulous profits, and were responsible for inhuman working conditions and notorious police systems which caused strikes relentlessly suppressed."

With regard to the rights of citizenship, the principle of sex equality has been affirmed; and there will be no differentiation in the future between legitimate and illegitimate children. The main consideration which will be taken into account in claims for citizenship will be the national origin of the claimant. Persons who were deprived of citizenship under the laws of the previous regime because of their absence from Yugoslavia can recover it by making a simple declaration of nationality. The underlying motive of this plan is the desire to compensate Yugoslavia for loss of population caused by the war and emigration.

HAL LEHRMAN

A LONDON DIARY

The terms of the Chinese-Soviet treaty have reached Washington and London, but have not been published yet. I understand that the Soviet claims are much more modest than was generally expected, and that London and Washington and Chungking are all pleased. I hear, for instance, that Russia and Chungking have agreed on a joint control of Port Arthur and the two Manchurian railways. I do not expect the Sino-Soviet treaty to say anything of the Chungking-Yenan problem, though the matter must have been discussed between T. V. Soong and Stalin. If they have found a way of avoiding civil war it will be something of a miracle. At the moment there is a race between the Chinese Communists and the Kuomintang armies for various Chinese centres, including Peiping, Tientsin and Shanghai. The Chungking Government bitterly denounces the "Communists," for having built a "state within a state"; certainly their very existence is a challenge to Chungking. They have set up over a wide area in the North what every observer agrees to be an uncorrupt and reformist government, and they feel deeply aggrieved that, when they have been fighting the Japanese continuously (carrying on guerrilla warfare right through Japanese areas down as far as Shanghai), they are now opposed by Kuomintang armies, well equipped with American arms, which have not fought at all during the last three years. These armies have been used by Chiang to cut off the Border Regions from the rest of Free China. The Americans, who wanted them to fight the Japanese before the atomic bomb made it unnecessary, have been working for a settlement, but Mao Tse-tung's refusal to accept Chiang's invitation to visit Chungking suggests that efforts at a compromise have finally failed.

* * *

The Tories still think Laski a good Opposition card, and many well-meaning persons, who have not thought very far, say that the Professor's speeches about Labour policy bear out the Churchill-Beaverbrook electoral stuff about Laski as the Labour Party's Gauleiter. In fact Mr. Laski's speeches proclaiming what he thinks Labour Party policy will be are a perfect refutation of all these allegations. For if Mr. Laski were a member of the House of Commons or in any way responsible for Labour's policy, he could not possibly make these statements. He can only make them as a private but influential member of the party. The Ministers, as this week's speeches show, make their own policy, and Mr. Laski is merely acting as his own ginger group, expounding from outside the logic of the Labour Party's aims.

* * *

I very much hope that Mr. Lawson will find time, in the immediate future, to deal with the urgent problems of the Directorate of Prisoners of War at the War Office. At present, the Directorate is still applying the policy laid down by Sir James Grigg. It is segregating anti-Nazis, non-politicals and Nazis into three groups—thus preventing further Feme murders, two of which have recently been reported. But, having segregated them, it is ordered, despite the infuriated protests of the Control Commission, to retain the anti-Nazis for work in this country and to return the incurable toughs to Germany. This War Office procedure is in glaring contradiction both with the policy agreed upon at Potsdam and with common sense. It has already had the effect, in camps where segregation is taking place, of making convinced anti-Nazis conceal their principles for fear of being retained in this country. It would be a simple matter for Mr. Lawson to reverse his predecessor's ruling, and simultaneously to increase the ridiculously small number of officers allotted to the tasks of segregation and retraining both in this country and in the Mediterranean. Nor should he forget the Spanish Republicans in Camp 158, who are still being treated exactly as though they were enemy prisoners.

* * *

Mr. Shinwell would do well to tell us rather more about the petrol situation. The small increase in the petrol ration announced for the next three months (and decided, I gather, as long ago as last May) seems to people who have paid the cost of relicensing their cars to take altogether too little account of the ending of the Far East war. Mr. Shinwell very likely has a good case. So far he has only spoken of the need to consult America and to consider the requirements of liberated Allies before rationing here is further eased. No one will grudge limitations on his mileage if the petrol saved goes to improve transport in starving Europe; but does it, and in what quantity? As for America, petrol rationing has been abolished in the U.S.A. and Canada. Is the trouble simply that we are short of dollars to pay for American crude? The motorist naturally thinks of supplies from Persia and Trinidad. Are tankers the bottle-neck? Then, what about the allegedly enormous stocks in this country? If, as I believe, they consist largely of 100 octane aviation spirit useless for cars, the public should be told this. I have little patience with Lord Beaverbrook's disingenuous attempt to use petrol-rationing as a stick to beat the Government; but Mr. Shinwell will be wise not to underrate the danger of being thought to be bureaucratically "bloody-minded." Here is a perfect example of the need for full publicity in order to maintain public confidence in a Department.

* * *

Psychiatry and occupational therapy have now gone a long way towards making the lame walk and the dumb speak. We call this process the "rehabilitation of disabled persons" and include in it the provision of suitable and congenial occupation for people crippled either in war or industry. During the war the Government made a commendable attempt to tackle the problem, first by the Interim Scheme of 1941 and then, last year, by the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act. But from time to time I have received critical letters from correspondents in Rehabilitation Centres—some of them have been published in this journal—who have complained that insufficient attention is paid to the psychological problems of the patients, and that the follow-up after their return to civilian life is inadequate. P.E.P. have just issued a broadsheet on this question (*Planning*, No. 238) which seems to bear out many of these criticisms. Apart from emphasising that the last thing one should do is to treat disabled persons as a category apart from other workers, the broadsheet goes on to proposals for improving the existing arrangements. Nearly three-quarters of the people who come under the Act suffer not from direct physical disabilities like amputations, but from nervous and other chronic conditions which are as much affected by environment as by the actual nature of the work. The broadsheet suggests that much closer attention should be paid to the psychological needs of the injured men in the early stages of their treatment; that they should have earlier and more frequent interviews with the Disablement Rehabilitation Officer of the Ministry of Labour—and the broadsheet claims that too many of these officers are men unsuited by training or experience for the job; and that much more attention should be paid to the disabled man's problems after he has been discharged and has started work. Obviously these criticisms should be at once examined by the appropriate Ministries; the future of the disabled people depends on the right decisions and treatment from the very beginning.

* * *

"They're half starved, but they worked ten times harder than the Italians." So say country people down in Berkshire about the German prisoners who are getting in the harvest. There is a good deal of feeling among the labourers about the very low rations—now down to a bare subsistence level—given to the prisoners: "We know they treated our boys rough, but this isn't human. You can't expect a man doing heavy work to keep up his strength on a loaf of bread midday. They come to us begging for a capful of the throw-out grain, which is full of rats and has gone musty." All the same, though the Italians slacked and grizzled, they put a spell on the infuriated English countryman, which the plodding German has entirely failed to do. The German psychology is incomprehensible. "The other morning," writes a friend, "I found a German prisoner in my garden about to take some apples. I was unable, for various reasons, to give him the apples. It was embarrassing—with Germans everything is. My German is bad. We were soon hopelessly confused. He stood stiffly, difficult, suspicious. So did I. Then an inspiration came to me. "Das ist verboten," I said. The light of joy, happiness and understanding transfigured his pained face. "Ach, verboten." The magic word. Gaily he called a couple of friends. "Verboten." They all smiled. We were friends. They marched off. When Italians wanted to steal my apples, they intrigued with my children, delighted them with tricks, and had as many as they wanted."

* * *

I can vouch for the truth of this story. An American officer was busy on the job of sorting out the tons of documents and archives captured in Germany when, one day, he was called down to the courtyard to receive another vanload. Slightly irritated at being interrupted, he bawled at the driver for bothering him, but was assured that the orders were to deliver the packing cases personally. "What's in them?" he asked. "More old junk, I suppose," said the driver. "Well, what old junk? Show me the check." The driver fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a very dirty piece of paper, from which he painstakingly read: "Item—Corpse of Friedrich Wilhelm. Item—Corpse of Bismarck. Item—Corpses of Hindenburg and wife." The Russians aren't always allowed to get ahead with reparations.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to James Kirkup.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Grand Victory Atomic Dances will be held at the Heaton Assembly Rooms.—Advert. in *Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

Hazel Millson was heard to advantage in "The Pipes of Pan," even though at times the incessant beat of rain on the canvas roof rendered her singing almost inaudible.—*Surrey Herald and News.*

Three hundred Newport (Mon.) corporation bus drivers and conductors went on strike to-day as a protest against the dismissal of a driver who yesterday drove his double-decker bus under a bridge which sheared off the top deck.—*South Wales Evening Post.*

In the particulars of the Ardochy estate, Inverness-shire, it is remarked that "Ardochy is an excellent place to spend a quiet and restful holiday, as there are no crofters or inhabitants, other than estate employees, within the boundaries of the 8,000 acres comprising the property."—*The Times.*

It has been almost *verboten* even to think of foxhunting during the past six years, and, no doubt, if those who are devoured by the canker-worn class hatred had their way, this thing, which has been the sport and pastime of prince and peasant alike—the most democratic of all the relaxations in which poor humanity can indulge—would be obliterated for all time and completely superseded by, let us say, the electric hare form of sport.—*Tatler and Bystander.*

FRANKENSTEIN'S PROBLEM

The atomic explosion has shaken scientists as much as it has done the ordinary man and woman. They feel like Frankenstein, confronted by his monster. A lot of them would like to retire once again into their ivory towers—if only they were atomic bomb-proof structures. And they know that they cannot. The letter to *The Times* from Sir Henry Dale, President of the Royal Society, in which he argued for the complete disclosure of the scientific facts is typical of the conscience-searching in which the scientists are now indulging. "The abandonment of any national claim to secrecy about scientific discoveries must be a prerequisite for any kind of international control such as will obviously be indispensable if we are to use atomic energy to its full value and avoid the final disaster which its misuse might bring." In recognising the inevitability of international control of scientific discovery Sir Henry accepts the fact that scientific freedom does not mean scientific anarchy.

It used to be claimed by the scientists that knowledge was an end in itself, and that scientists had no responsibility for the purposes to which that knowledge was applied; they made their discoveries and left them like foundlings on the doorstep of society, disowning all responsibility for what they might become. The change-over in the scientific attitude began in the Depression, when the scientists, with the drying up of grants for their researches and the consequent crippling of their work, realised that science itself was not immune from the convulsions produced by the misuse of its own discoveries. The British Association then took a conspicuous lead in promoting and channelling the new sense of social responsibility among the scientists. Ten years ago the need was recognised for a permanent international organisation of science, advising Governments, acting as world trustees of scientific discovery, and, by the foresight which only the scientists could possess, safeguarding the world against the consequences of such discoveries. Indeed, the release of atomic energy was quoted in those discussions as the classic example of the need for such a body.

These discussions went a long way. The American Association of Science agreed with the British Association on the need for such a world organisation, and in 1937, at the invitation of the Nobel Committee, I canvassed the leading scientists in Scandinavia and western Europe on the project. The first concrete development was the creation in 1937 by the British Association of the Division of Social and International Relations, and, at the outbreak of war, similar organisations, which it was proposed to federate in an international body, were being promoted in France, Belgium and elsewhere. Eight years ago the late Lord Rutherford proposed the setting up of a "Prevision Committee" by the Government to provide for the contingency which has now arisen.

Science can no longer be left to its own devices. The problem is how to ensure the free interchange of knowledge within the World Commonwealth of Science and still control, in the interest of civilisation, the results of such free commerce of ideas. The present situation is the perfect statement of this problem. From Rutherford's original work on the structure of the atom, research was stimulated all over the world; scientists of various nationalities were trained at the Cavendish Laboratories. Most of the team whose work produced the atomic bomb were identified with Rutherford at one time or another. His former student and colleague, Otto Hahn, the German, first discovered uranium fission in 1939 and the wartime work was carried on by British, American, French, Danish, Norwegian and exiled German scientists.

It was a truly international effort but the secret has been taken out of the hands of the scientists and is now held by the statesmen. There are many scientists who argue like Sir Henry Dale, that any national claim to secrecy should be abandoned, but they presuppose, as Sir Henry does, that armaments are to be used only for the international policing of aggressors. This assumption "passes the baby" back to the statesmen.

It cannot be gainsaid that the secret now in the possession of America and Britain can be discovered by scientists elsewhere. Mr. Churchill has suggested an interval of five years. If this secret is withheld from Russia it can be assumed that Soviet science will move fast, and even five years may be an exaggeration. Certainly the French, with Professor Joliot, one of the prime movers in this research before the German occupation, and with Halban and others, who actively participated in the discovery itself, will not be long in achieving results.

The development on national lines under conditions of national secrecy is for the scientists a repudiation of the Commonwealth of Science and of the international exchange of knowledge indispensable to science. They would accept, I believe, international control for the common good of mankind and would recognise the need for keeping this dangerous knowledge out of the hands of irresponsible exploiters. And they would be concerned to see that the peaceful possibilities as well as the military aspect were explored and safeguarded.

What form should this international control take? Let America and Britain as the present trustees of atomic power give a definite pledge that they will hand over to the Military *and Scientific* General Staff of the World Security Council, the secret and the control of production.

Such a pledge should, properly, be subject to certain safeguards such as

(i) that such a General Staff would owe undivided allegiance to the World Security Council;

(ii) that the secret be confined, for the time being, to that General Staff, including, as it must, responsible scientists;

(iii) that the permanent members of the Council should disclose and pool existing research and material resources;

(iv) that all future atomic bomb research and development should be under international supervision and control;

(v) that production should be confined to International Zones, and produced, as a charge on the World Security Council, by international staffs;

(vi) that unauthorised production outside these zones by any state would be treated as a threat to world peace.

As an alternative to the International Zones Governments might be licensed to undertake research and production, subject to the supervision, and free access, of representatives of the World Security Council. Any State, rejecting such supervision, would be regarded as a threat to world peace. But the social convulsions produced by indiscriminate development will be indescribably worse than those produced by the First Industrial Revolution and they will be world-wide. Hence the Social and Economic Council, if it does its job properly, will have to direct such development as closely as the Security Council watches atomic armaments. Anyway, the one is unreal without the other since industrial development can become bomb production without any difficulty. There can be no laissez-faire in atomic economics.

International supervision and control, with some sort of International Physical Laboratory, stimulating and promoting industrial research on the atom, are as necessary in the industrial field as in the military. At the moment, the production zones are in America and vast capital resources have been created there at American expense. International security and economic control involves throwing these into the common pool. This is asking the United States to renounce "The American Century" and its flying start in The Second Industrial Revolution. But confronted with the Atomic Apocalypse everyone, statesmen, scientists, economists, industrialists must accept the present realities of a World State or invite castastrophe.

Ritchie Calder

THE TIDE OF OPPORTUNITY

This war has been distinguished from all its predecessors by the genuine attempt that has been made to "educate" the army. At the beginning of the war there was the Army Education Corps which supervised the education of the regular army. This was rapidly extended, and very soon every unit had its Army Education Officer. Arrangements were made with the Universities, the L.E.A.s and voluntary bodies such as the W.E.A., to supply lecturers, tutors and discussion leaders. In many areas a Joint Committee of various educational organisations was set up to supply the army's needs. Lectures were given and classes were held, while determined efforts were made to "liquidate illiteracy." Presently there was A.B.C.A. and far and wide over the face of England where the far flung training camps were sown, strong and silent officers could be seen digesting War Office pamphlets preparatory to giving weekly talks to the men.

It would be idle to pretend that these experiments fulfilled all the high hopes that were based on them. Their success depended very much—far too much—on the personality and the attitude of the C.O. who could turn a scheme into a failure or a success by his hostility or his enthusiasm. Most, I am told, were lukewarm.

Later, A.B.C.A. was reinforced by B.W.P. (British Way and Purpose), designed to convey the essentials of education in citizenship by providing lectures and discussions on the British Constitution and form of government, the Empire, British institutions, local government, and so on. A.B.C.A. and B.W.P., both of them compulsory, occupied between them two hours a week and are in the true sense of the word home-grown products, lectures and discussion leaders being provided by and trained in the Army.

Finally, there is the recently instituted Pre-Vocational Training Scheme, whose object is to give a man instruction in some definite trade, craft or profession for a period of from four to six hours a week during the months which must intervene before his demobilisation. If no instructional vocational training is desired, efforts are made to give non-vocational teaching in the ordinary academic subjects. Correspondence Courses are rendered available and a man may work for the Forces Preliminary Examination, success in which counts as equivalent to the possession of Schools Certificate or the passing of the Matric. Some scholarships are available to enable successful candidates to take up a year's residence in Army Colleges. What with A.B.C.A., B.W.P. and the Pre-Vocational Training Scheme, a man can and, indeed, must now put in between six and eight hours a week in various kinds of educational work apart from the Brains Trusts, Study Circles and Discussion Groups which have sprung up everywhere. Assuredly the Army has done its best.

In some instances the effects have been considerable. Particularly is this the case where bodies of men have been stationed for comparatively long periods on some forgotten or inactive front. For example, two independent witnesses from the Middle East have in recent weeks spoken in my hearing of the sustained keenness shown in the discussion of political and social questions by men and women who have been stationed there for some years without very much to occupy them. Indeed, in a recent letter to *The Times*, Arthur Bryant goes so far as to speak of "the tide of civic idealism and service which the Forces have generated in our younger generation." Can this, he asks, be canalised and used to infuse adult education with new energy and vision, or is it to be allowed to trickle away into the pre-war bog of stagnation and indifference?

Mr. Bryant goes on to pose further questions. Is the good work that has been done during the war to go for nothing and is the educational machinery to be dismantled? Three things he thinks are necessarv for its continuance :—

"Local community houses or centres in which the problems of citizenship can be studied and discussed without bias; a national supply service on the lines of C.E.M.A. and A.B.C.A. to provide literature, lectures, concerts, art-loans, etc., to such community centres; and some kind of association or fellowship of service to draw and bind together those who have served their country, whether in the Forces or in civil defence, in a great and unselfish movement of social, educational and cultural endeavour and mutual betterment."

With the first and second of these recommendations I am in agreement. The third seems to me to be dubious. First, on the grounds of practicability, is it, one may ask, possible to base the structure of an enduring organisation on so insecure a foundation as fellowship in war service? That war comrades are quickly dispersed, that the consciousness that war engenders is rapidly dissipated are clear lessons of the last war. How well one knows them, those gatherings of old comrades living on the dwindling capital of the memories which no subsequent experience has refreshed. Only the British Legion has succeeded in keeping alive something of the spirit of the comradeship of the last war.

Secondly, on the grounds of desirability, I doubt whether an organisation whose membership is based upon and perhaps limited to those who happen to have fought together in the war or to have served in civil defence services is desirable. We are in these days perhaps grown over-wary and are all too ready to smell Fascism from afar. But bearing in mind the use to which organisations of ex-Servicemen have been put in the past and might again be put in the future, in times of strike and civil strife, I cannot but think that our "over-wariness" is a fault on the right side.

There remain the voluntary organisations and the State. For the former the job is, I suggest, too big. I yield to nobody in my admiration for the work of the W.E.A. and take off my hat to the work which it has done in the war; but it would be foolish to suppose that an organisation numbering over 70,000 students—it has increased by only 20,000 since the first Great War and most of the increase has, surprisingly, taken place in the second—could cope with the problem presented by the continued education of several million men and women who will presumably in the future be demobilised. If voluntary effort could do the trick, why was it necessary to institute compulsion in the education of children; and why did it not do it in those years of unemployment before the war?

At this point one turns inevitably to Mr. Butler's Education Act. This provides for a substantial increase in expenditure by the State on adult education. No plans have, however, been put forward for the spending of the extra millions,* and when in a debate in the House on June 11th, Kenneth Lindsay, having drawn attention to most of the points which have been covered in this article, ended up with a plea for "a new set-up which brings large numbers of other people into the field of adult education. I should like," he continued "to see the Ministry taking an active part. What I want to see in the central administration is not just an advisory committee but a Department which will help to supply all the things that are required by a strong adult education movement. The Ministry have issued a pamphlet on community centres. So far so good, but I think there is something missing in the central machinery in regard to adult education"; the care-taking Minister, Mr. Law, although speaking for one and a quarter hours made no reference to the question at all.

I have no doubt that the community centre is the right solution. If we can have it in its noblest and most dignified form, that is to say, as a Village College on the Henry Morris model, so much the better. But on any reckoning it must have a building and a home.

Adult education has suffered too much in the past from being a thing apart, conducted in a place apart. As I write, I see again the bare room, usually a school class-room, lighted by unshaded electric bulbs, where the class meets; inadequately warmed, yet at the same time disablingly stuffy. Long-legged clerks or bulky miners sit at children's desks; there is nowhere to put the long legs, and the bulky forms are uncomfortably squeezed between the edge of the desk and the back of the seat. There are no carpets on the floor and no curtains at the windows; the walls are covered with maps or charts or, sometimes, with pictures of children happy, smiling and sunlit, running after balls, chasing butterflies, listening to birds, or to teachers. . . . Or we meet in a chapel and sit in pews; or in a private house and sit, some of us, cramped on the floor; or in the Committee Room of some Trade Union or Labour Party branch, with lists of meetings and statistics of membership on the walls, or even in a room in a Government Department. The students arrive sometimes punctually, often late. Most of them have been working all day, often from eight or nine in the morning; some have been home and had a hurried meal; some have had time to change, but most come in their workaday clothes, grimed, it may be, with coal dust, sodden with dried sweat. In order to avoid sitting in class in grimed and sodden things. I have known a man bicycle five miles to his home and then another five miles back to the class, with the prospect of a further five miles home again when the class was over. What is wanted is a building in every village or small town where a number of related activities can be carried on together; where a man can go after his day's work to change his clothes and get a wash and have a meal and a drink and take his girl and dance and see a movie and read the paper and then, if he wants to, drop into a lecture, join a discussion group or attend a class, all of which are going on under the same roof.

Now, for buildings of this kind, we must look to the State acting through the local authority. How soon we get them will depend at least in part upon the strength of the public opinion that demands them. But since we cannot in the nature of things get them for some years to come, let us in the meantime make do with army huts, derelict country houses, pubs, school rooms, Women's Institutes, in fact with whatever comes to hand. Now is the time to harvest what the war has sown.

C. E. M. Joad

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* £21 millions in excess of the pre-war figure on adult and technical education taken together.

BACK TO GOLF

Nothing is as good as it used to be, and there are no giants in these days, and it is particularly true in the world of games, but in spite of all that, there seems to be no doubt that games do get spoilt. When a man shoots a thousand grouse in a day that is purely a personal matter, but when a billiards player makes a break of a thousand it raises the question whether the player is a prodigy or whether there is something wrong with the game. When a cricket eleven scores nearly a thousand runs in one innings there is probably something wrong with cricket; and when the Royal and Ancient has to put a limit to the number of clubs a man may carry it is pretty certain that all is not well with golf.

The defect in golf has been there for a long time, but it is only recently that it has become serious; and it was only in the last few years of golf that it became obvious that the championship was little more than a putting championship. Putting has always been too big a part of golf, but the proportion has been increased by the modern ball and the modern architects.

Vardon spoke the truth when he said that a man who could approach had no need to putt; but it is not true in these days when a first-class player approaches many of the greens with a driver or a brassey. It is doubtful whether even the Americans would claim to be able to approach with a full wooden club shot as accurately as Vardon could with a mid-iron or a mashie.

It is generally accepted that golf originated by the sea and that the golfer played his ball over stretches of sand from one bit of green to another until he reached the putting green. His strokes had to be played to suit the links as he found them. But nowadays the courses are laid out to suit the stereotyped strokes of unimaginative players whose only concern is to get what they call the figures.

A good course should give a golfer a chance to use his brains, and it should enable the good golfer to make the most of a lot of different strokes, and it should be designed primarily for match play. The good player should get the benefit of his ability to hit, for example, a long low drive into the teeth of the wind, or a high ball over the dunes to "the faith-envisaged green." In the old days a professional would display a whole range of different shots in one round. It was nothing out of the way in those days to see a professional pull or slice his drive in order to make the best use of the wind. Or if he had pushed out his drive by mistake he would play a brassey shot with a slice so that the ball would turn in between two lines of bunkers. The same drive with a modern ball on a modern course would require no more than a pitch over the bunkers with a niblick. A grooved swing and machine-like precision are not worth having if they mean that the possessor can play only one shot with each club.

But even on the old courses there was much too much putting. It has always been a drawback to golf that half the total number of strokes in a round should be played on the putting green. A good golfer may be able to play six or seven different shots with his driver alone, and may use five or six other clubs through the green, and yet the putts in a round count as much as all the other strokes added together. The skill of a good putter is not to be despised, but it cannot be compared with the almost miraculous skill of a good golfer with his other clubs, especially his wooden clubs. For every player who can compete with the professional from the tee there must be ten thousand who can compete with him on the putting green.

The obvious remedy would be to rebuild and lengthen all the courses, or else to go back to the old gutta ball. The difficulties of lengthening all the courses are obviously insurmountable. The objections to going back to the old ball are rather obscure, and probably rather discreditable; for one thing, it would probably be impossible to prevent a manufacturer from increasing the carry of his ball whilst keeping to the letter of the law. However that may be, it is certain that golfers will never go back to the old gutty.

It has often been suggested that the preponderance of putting could be reduced by enlarging the hole. The decisive objection is that putting is a game within a game and a larger hole would entirely alter the inner game. What is required is an alteration in the proportion of the two games to the whole.

Logically the only remedy is to reduce the number of holes whilst keeping the length of the course unchanged. If the eighteen holes course were reduced to twelve holes it would make a big alteration in the proportion of putts to other strokes. The score for the course would still be 72, but instead of 36 putts and 36 other strokes, the proportion would be 24 putts and 48 strokes through the green. The cost of alteration would not be very great because the object would be not to lengthen all the holes but to make a few much longer holes by running two or three of the old holes into one. There is not the slightest reason why a very long hole should be dull; on the contrary, it would give scope for entirely new problems. Apart from reducing the amount of putting, the object of the alterations would be to get back to the proportions of the classic links and back to golf as it was played in the great days.

R. L. Kitching

ROSMERSHOLM

The Torch Theatre is a long low room with a small stage at one end of it on which ten people could stand shoulder to shoulder facing the audience. Naturally, it is only possible to perform at the Torch Theatre plays with a small cast, and the only scenes which it can plausibly represent to the eye are, say, a cottage interior or a tiny back-garden. The expression of emotion by vehement restless movement, or dramatic effects produced by actors shifting their relative positions, now speaking from a distance, now face to face, or gradual impressive exits and entrances, are of course impossible; and these may be serious drawbacks to a production. Are there any advantages in acting any play on so small a stage and to so small an audience? Well, there are two; and of these Mr. Basil Ashmore and the cast of *Rosmersholm* took full advantage: a more intimate physical relation between audience and actors is possible, and slight inflections of the voice instantly tell. Consequently, provided the actors understand what they are saying, the significance of the play gets across. As every actor knows, the art of expressing shades of emotion in a voice loud enough to reach the recesses of a large theatre, is most difficult to master. It requires long training in elocution, and in elocution our stage to-day, as everybody knows, is weak. It is far easier to attain when the actor need not worry about "speaking up," but can deliver the lines as though he or she were addressing only those on the stage.

Now, the cast of *Rosmersholm* at the Torch Theatre took full advantage of this—shall we call it —"intimacy," with the result that it was the most moving performance of that great play I have seen. Defects it certainly had, and some of these I shall mention, but they were not the kind of defects which vulgarised or obscured the psychological depths of the drama. Of course, owing to the smallness of the stage, we did not find ourselves in a gloomy hall hung round with dark ancestral portraits, in which great bunches of flowers were the only bright living things, in a house where generation after generation of children had "never laughed;" this was emphatically *not* the ancient home of the Rosmers. What confronted us was a cheerful crowded little parlour, about which the figures were compelled sometimes to move with obvious constraint. But soon this ceased to matter greatly; the drama became thrilling, the situation was so strange. I must note, however, that the costume and make-up of Rebecca West was wrong. Her rich purple dress and obviously alluring appearance was not in harmony with what she stands for. It also made it harder to accept the preliminary situation, namely that owing to the high moral reputation of Rosmer himself no open scandal, even in that bitter gossiping Norwegian community, had, *as yet,* been provoked by this attractive young woman continuing to live alone under the same roof with him after his wife's suicide. Miss Joan Miller's acting was subtle and true. The passage in which she explains to Rosmer that her passion for him has changed to love was convincingly and beautifully acted; that passion which had led her slyly and slowly to lure his wife Beata into committing suicide, so that she, Rebecca, might supplant her and make of the conscience-ridden, inhibited Rosmer the man she wanted him to be—a ruthless reformer. But to the eye this Rebecca West was the wrong type, although Miss Miller could easily have been dressed and made-up to suggest the real Rebecca.

When *Rosmersholm* was first performed representatives of a Norwegian youth-movement wrote to Ibsen asking him if the call to work for mankind were *not* the message of the play. The master nodded a trifle indifferently a rather grim assent. But, he added, "the play also deals with the war all serious people must wage with themselves to bring their lives into harmony with their convictions. Different spiritual functions do not develop evenly and abreast of each other in any one person. The intellect hurries on from victory to victory; the moral consciousness, what we call conscience, on the other hand, is very conservative. It has its roots deep in tradition and the past. Hence the conflict . . ." Then he went on, and this sentence should be recalled whenever we see an Ibsen play, however apparently didactic on the surface: "But the play is, of course, before everything a drama of human beings and human fate," *i.e.* the story of particular characters. Rebecca is from a general point of view the embodiment of the vanguard intellect. Her get-up should therefore suggest the strong-minded vital type of woman, perhaps all the more deeply attractive because she does not aim at being superficially attractive. Rosmer in this drama represents moral tradition, so slow to move, so hard to justify, but so strangely, powerfully authoritative. At the same time these lovers, who pretended to be friends, are of course also two very distinct people; a woman by nature strong, objective, only caring for Causes and her own passion, and a man high-minded, weak, ignorant of himself, living only for his own inner life. The part of Rosmer is extremely difficult to play, and Mr. Markham, though he seldom offended, only filled the general outline of it. The narrow stage confined the expression of Rosmer's perturbations, sudden resolutions, and surprise, to his face and an often too monotonous rigidity of gesture. On the other hand Mr. Kynaston Reeves seemed helped by it to avoid over acting in the part of Kroll; he was excellent. Mr. Esmé Percy's Ulric Brendel was a most astonishing piece of virtuosity in elocution and gesture. His first entrance as the inspired day-dreamer, about at last to deliver his much pondered message to mankind, was a memorable piece of acting. But his reappearance, though marked by the same delicately elaborate elocution and imaginative gestures, had a grave defect. He acted Brendel as though he were drunk. Now the point of the part at that moment is that Brendel is at last *sober*. He sees himself as he is and also men as they are. As a voice of utter disillusionment and as a complete disbeliever in all "ideals," his reappearance has a powerful effect on Rosmer. The suggestion of his intoxication was therefore a psychological mistake. But I have written in vain if I have not conveyed that this performance of *Rosmersholm* is well worth seeing. On September 11th it will give place to Joyce's *Exiles* at the Torch Theatre. I shall not forget it.

Desmond MacCarthy

THE MOVIES

"Johnny Frenchman," at the Leicester Square

"The Broad Fourteens," M.O.I. Documentary

"A Bell for Adano," at the Odeon

"The Naughty Nineties," at the Tivoli

Agreeable rather than remarkable is the impression left this week by two British films. How agreeable, for example, in *Johnny Frenchman* are the Cornish coastline, the little harbour town, the fishing for crab and mullet, the wrestling on the green! A true native flavour, not merely a national trade-mark, is our best hope for the future: I disbelieve profoundly, let me say, in the film with a 100,000,000 circulation. If we need an example, the French cinema of pre-war years offers a more fruitful model than the American. We have our scenery, our provincialism, our nervous joking, our self-consciousness and eccentricity, our class distinctions—room for the mass-observer and the film-maker to rummage. One puts the scenery first; it means something to us, and it's a safe and easy approach to national character. Given a background the rest should follow, and at the worst the landscape with figures is not to be sniffed at. But what chances we miss! *National Velvet* should have been a British film, as certainly as *The Way Ahead* or *This Happy Breed.* The setting of *Johnny Frenchman* imparts freshness to what might be otherwise a tame little tale of Anglo-French co-operation. Remove the background—substitute for it, say, the meretricious local colour of *A Bell for Adano*—and its charm vanishes.

Not that *Johnny Frenchman* is anything to make a song about. Some of the actors weather better in Cornwall than others; Mr. Tom Walls as a spluttering harbour-master and Madame Françoise Rosay as a visiting Breton sea-dame are splendidly at home; the pub talk comes nearer Bow Bells than Mevagissey, while Miss Patricia Roc, being the heroine, is exempt from all local influence whatsoever. But there is a spirited movement to and fro down cobbled streets, and from Cornish waters to a Breton fishing town. The animosities between French and English in peacetime—especially as embodied in the challenging figure of Madame Rosay—are almost more thrilling than the truce provided by the war. One lasting alliance is made, by Miss Roc, who prefers the most dashing of the visitors (Georges Dupuis) to the staid fellow-countryman with whom she has been walking out. M. Dupuis, by the way, a broadcaster by profession, has a sparkle that I hope we shall be allowed to enjoy again. Director, Charles Freud.

If I say that *The Broad Fourteens,* a documentary of the M.T.B.'s, is the least exciting production of Crown Film Unit that I have seen for a long time, that is not active dispraise. It produced last year *Western Approaches,* one of the half-dozen best films of the war. The return to pure documentary gives us all we are entitled to expect, but nothing more. Admirable sequences of the little boats swerving and furrowing white against dark seas; pleasant glimpses of the harbour town from which they set out. As usual in this type of film the beginning fills in the detail of the men doing the job and this is followed by a single action. Director, R. Q. McNaughton.

A Bell for Adano. Novelettish story of American occupation in Italy. If you believe that all Italians are capering monkeys, that the hero's scowl adequately portrays his concern for the beaten people he has to rule over, that a starving community is likely to throw up a healthy-looking blonde to remind him of home, and that phrases like "A woman's loneliness can be just like a man's loneliness" touch something deep in human nature, then this is a film you'll revel in.

The Naughty Nineties. Machine-made fun; but even so there is a likeable streak in Costello, who starts a whole roomful of people blowing feathers and agonises over a meal, as he thinks, of cat cutlets.

William Whitebait

EXCELSIOR!
or
EVOLUTION EXPLODED

Air raid letter to a prehistoric cave dweller

We've evolved, my Old Brother
Some thousands of years,
Since you dwelt in this cave
And neglected to shave.
We dwell in it too,
Not so simply as you.
We are sick with our fears,
They're the culture of years—
So cultured, those years,
Old Brother.

We've advanced, my Old Brother,
In thousands of ways
Since the Dinosaur fled
From the death that you sped.
We have shortened our days
In the simplest ways—
So cultured, those ways,
Old Brother.

We've progressed, my Old Brother,
As Monkey Glands do,
Since you polished your skill
In the art of the kill.
I leave it to you
To compare what we do
With the things that you knew,
Old Brother!

G. V. G.

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RADIO NOTES.

I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips :
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.

To which our new version of the Middle Ages has, so far, cried Amen! So far; and many people of good will have hailed the recent revelation of atomic energy as fresh proof (if any were needed) of our will to self-destruction. For myself, I confess I cannot see that, in a world dominated until lately by torture and the perversion of the young, the atomic bomb constitutes a new step in depravity. As far as one can judge from the printed accounts, there is no *qualitative* difference between the result of an atomic bomb and that of an ordinary one. People are shocked by the very extent and rapidity of the damage caused. But ethical judgments based on quantitative functions are, if natural, nearly always the result of confused thinking; for surely it is not more *wicked* to kill 200,000 people at one blow than to kill 200 in the same manner. It is, on the other hand, more morally depraved to starve a child to death—even if it be mentally deficient—then to kill it with a bomb; so that the inventions of Himmler and the "asylum" of Kaufbeuren are in a class quite different from that of the atomic bomb, because they are a coldly calculated insult to our common humanity, and a denial of the principle of Benevolence without which no civilisation has a chance of realising its higher capacities. "But," it is objected, "we are not good enough, or clever enough, to play with such matches." I am sufficient of an optimist to doubt this. Those who discovered and developed the use of atomic energy are not Himmlers, and it is reasonable to trust their claims for the pacific future of their discovery, just as it was reasonable to trust Wright or Edison in respect of theirs. As Professor Bernal put it in these pages last week: "Social discoveries are intrinsically more important than physical ones. A new way of doing things has an indefinite future not tied to any particular field of knowledge."

But what—the question is irresistible—would Pascal have thought about this crucial moment in our history: Pascal, who was a religious genius with a scientific mind? I am afraid that, at any rate after his conversion, he would have agreed with those who now deplore our refusal to muzzle Science (if such a thing were possible, which of course it isn't). In other words, his standpoint was uncompromisingly religious. Those who assume that Science and Religion are not fundamentally irreconcilable, deceive themselves.

I wish that Nesta Pain's feature, *The Atom Explodes,* had contained some discussion of the implications of the new discovery, for, regarded as information, it seemed to me a good deal less successful than some of her former programmes. No doubt the subject is insusceptible of aural demonstration; but in that case it would have been better to hand the material to Talks; the feature technique merely cut up what should have been a straight description into a loose series of conversations the unreality of which was painfully apparent at every turn. A female voice interjecting archly: "It must have been rather exciting," is childish in such a context. Worse, it interrupts; and so did the facetiae with which the script was padded out. No *event* occurred to justify the use of dramatic method. It would be unfair to blame Mrs. Pain for doing her best with an essentially intractable subject; but I hope that in future material which is really unsuited to feature treatment will find a place in the new Science Magazine, a fortnightly programme which should become popular when a satisfactory form has been evolved for it. I shall return to this subject next week; contenting myself here with two remarks arising out of last Sunday's broadcast. (1) It is a mistake to confuse the listener by introducing as many as four or five separate subjects into any one programme. (2) Any scientific demonstration must be made crystal clear. As a layman I was totally unable to follow the description of the drying of blood-plasma: the various humming noises which accompanied the stages of this process conveyed nothing whatsoever to my mind.

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RECOMMENDATIONS.—*August 26th.* Violin Recital (Max Rostal and Franz Osborn, 10.38); Cricket (anthology, 11.3).

August 27th. "Jonathan Wild" (9.30).

August 28th. Organ (Geraint Jones, 1.45); Moeran Violin Concerto (7.18); "The Conditions of Progress" (Francis Pakenham, 10.10); Schubert and Liszt (Kentner, 10.25).

August 30th. Dvorak and Brahms (2.0); "Let the Children Sing" (6.30); "The Odyssey of Runyon Jones" (11.3).

August 31st. Poetry of T. S. Eliot (11.45).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

TWO HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

Two hundred years from now
Someone, a poet maybe, with thoughts and
feelings
Like mine, but with memories how different!
Shall wander through these solitary woodlands.
The great oaks and beeches that I loved
Long ago will have been felled, and where they
stood
Will stand the seed-born grandeur of their offspring.
The slant sunbeams of evening as of old
Will turn the leaves to a wind-wavering glory
Of green and gold, and fill with tender light
The myriad bluebells, spreading around in lakes,
Flowing in rivers down the little hills and dells,
Or dimly seen afar
Through the sparse undergrowth of birch and
hazel.

Two hundred years hence!
Wanderer within these woodlands,
Will there be peace and harmony within you,
Peace without you in a world untroubled,
And memories unstained by bitter knowledge,
So that each moment's beauty may surprise
And waken joy within your careless heart?
Shall the old sins and miseries be forgiven and
forgotten?
Or must our songs for ever cloudlike rise
And fall back dead into the ceaseless flux
Of human woe, eternal as the sea?

R. C. TREVELYAN

AWAITING ORDERS

ALMOST certainly it will be to-morrow,
While I am walking by the green sea's edge
Among the wrecked boats and the few gulls,
My name will be called and peace will fall from me,
As rain stops suddenly, or the sun goes in.
Even now the guns are loaded, sinking in the mud,
There by the swollen rivers, by the ruined towns.
Where there was quiet among the tall rushes,
Or only the excitement of a heron's wings.
The dark will open vividly in flame
And the shells thunder down the murmuring sea.
Meanwhile there is time to dream,
Under the ancient gateway where Augustus rode,
Beside these walls where dreaming Dante saw
Perdition in the whispering leaves of Spring
There is still time to speak your name again
And climb along its syllables to home.

The shutters close: it is the hour to leave.
Only this drink for you, a toast to luck,
Love's licencer, and then the narrow streets
Where history fades under a battle's sun
There over the bridge and on the flooded plain.
And your name forever at my lips
Under the rain or muttered against frost.
Lonely I walk, certain it will be to-morrow;
The rain stops: the startled gulls fly
From the mast, and I turn homeward.

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'Wings for Victory'
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Correspondence

THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT AND INDIA

SIR,—"Let us wait until the end of the war" was a convenient plea with many in England for evading the issue of India. Now that it has come to a sudden and dramatic end, the Labour Government is likely to have its hands full with a number of grave problems. For the sake of a satisfactory settlement, I hope, however, that India, though one of the most complicated items, will have high priority on its list of business.

The urgency of seeking a solution must be apparent from any point of view. Mr. Attlee must remember that (1) between the appointment of the Simon Commission (of which he was a member) and the passing of the Constitution Act of 1935 there was an interval of nearly eight years; and (2) at a vital stage in the deliberations of the Indian Round-table Conference, following a declaration by Mr. MacDonald which meant full Dominion status for India, came the General Election of 1931, with disastrous results both for the Labour Government and the prospects of immediate Indian freedom.

Such a thing should not happen again. It means, therefore, that before the next elections in this country, the Labour Cabinet should put through the Constitution Act in all its stages and claim a final settlement with India as one of its outstanding achievements. There is no time to be lost. Before a Constituent Assembly can start functioning in India, to draft the outlines of the new Constitution, there must be a revision of electoral rolls, the restoration of popular governments in the Provinces to supervise this important preliminary, the release of political prisoners and the withdrawal of restrictions on the Congress party. All these processes cannot be completed inside a year. Indeed, it will be remarkable if the Constituent Assembly can be brought into active being before the summer of next year.

Will India have one central government or accept Pakistan? The answer to that question will come authoritatively from the electorates. Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League will no doubt set up candidates for all the Muslim constituencies pledged to demand Pakistan. It is equally certain that the Congress, the Nationalist Muslims Conference, the Unionist Ministry of the Punjab (predominantly Muslim) and other organisations opposed to Pakistan will contest most of these seats. While the verdict of the electorate in general will afford guidance, it will be of considerable interest to see whether even a majority of the Muslims back the claim for Pakistan. The League has passed through extraordinary variations of fortune in the last decade. It grew rapidly in strength and influence after the last general elections in India and had five provincial governments under its control in 1942 (at the time of the Cripps mission). In the last eighteen months, however, it has lost ground considerably and to-day can barely claim a single provincial government as its mouthpiece—the minor province of Sind.

The Constituent Assembly will be called upon to deal with numerous other problems—the relations between the Centre and the Provinces, the distribution of subjects and sources of revenue, the treatment of minorities, the Indian States, etc. But Labour must interpret its responsibilities as His Majesty's Government in accordance with its own principles. For instance, will the representatives of the States in the Constituent Assembly be the nominees of the Princes (as stated in the Cripps offer) or the spokesmen of the peoples of those territories? The revision of treaty with the States by a Labour Government should not be undertaken in a narrow and legalistic spirit, in disregard of the interests of their ninety million inhabitants. Admission of the States into an all-India federal union cannot be left to the unilateral judgment of the Princes, nor can such a federation be at the sacrifice of the democratic principle and of social progress. British Labour, as the Paramount Power in relation to the Indian States, must regard its obligations to the masses in India as paramount. The people of the States have long been denied certain guarantees—of individual liberty, trial by legal processes before imprisonment, the independence of the judiciary, curtailment of the personal expenditure of the Princes, recognition of the elective principle, etc. Again, industry has been migrating rapidly during the war into the States, because of the lower income-tax, immunity from excess profits duties, and inferior labour regulations. Social progress in India will be seriously prejudiced in the future unless the States are brought into line with the rest of the country.

Briefly, the Labour Cabinet, while leaving the Constituent Assembly free to reach its own conclusions on every problem, should make it abundantly clear at every stage that its adherence to the principle of self-determination for India is conditioned by only one consideration: that the result must be the emergence of a democratic State, pledged to mass welfare and greatly improved standards of living for 400 million people. It is necessary to emphasise this point, because too often in the past a correct attitude on the part of British authorities has only been a cloak for support to vested interests—to the Princes, the landlords and big business.

The Constituent Assembly, even with all the encouragement and assistance it may receive from the Cabinet, will take a few years to complete its deliberations. Those years will be of the utmost importance to India, with enormous social and economic problems thrown up by the stress of war to tackle in a bold and liberal spirit. Hunger and disease will not teach the millions patience while a new Constitution is being hammered into shape. A sound interim Government at the centre and popular governments in the Provinces are, therefore, essential, so that they may attend to these urgent tasks in a manner that will inspire general confidence.

B. SHIVA RAO

Pastoria Hotel,
London, W.C.2.

INDIAN PRISONS

SIR,—I take no sides in this controversy. I feel, however, that the truth ought not to be distorted. As a Civil Servant at the Imperial headquarters in Simla, I have had experience of both police and prison administration in India.

D. M. Sen is not correct in speaking of "the uncontrolled authority of officials"—that is, it is not correct in theory. No official, not even the highest, has "uncontrolled authority." On the other hand, Sen's critics are extremely vulnerable: for instance, D. Frenchman says (*a*) prison treatment in India compares well with treatment in Nazi prisons; (*b*) Indians prefer prison to starvation; (*c*) ex-convicts—even from the Andamans—never have anything to complain of when they come out of jail—a low ideal, a reflection on British administration, an unthinkable situation! By what stretch of imagination could a British official be seen talking to an ex-convict, and even so, would one swallow make a summer?

Then, another critic's logic leads him to the conclusion that prison treatment must be humane because the Prison Code is all that it should be. This statement is too naive to call for comment. But when Quinton persists that Indian Quislings (my phrase) have no "opportunity" to become masters in the art of cruelty, it only shows that he has never heard evidence given at a public enquiry such as an Imperial Police or Prison Commission. When he says that a thorough-going reorganisation of the system *could* have been made by Provincial Governments since 1936, he completely overlooks the fact that when the Congress Ministers came out shortly after they took office, the country reverted to autocratic rule.

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Lastly: apropos Miss Rathbone's challenge to produce evidence to substantiate allegations of cruelty—such as whipping—Sen's reference to Government documents is valid, conclusive, and damning. **Norman Gantzer**

Glen Simla,
Denby Road, Parkstone.

SUDETEN-GERMANS

Sir,—Almost everyone in the Sudetenland suspected of an active share in the Nazi movement is already imprisoned, slain or burned, or hiding outside the country. What is called "transfer" of Sudeten Germans is, therefore, a continuation of war against women and children, aged and sick people, as well as anti-Nazis.

The deportation policy will be judged, like any other policy, not on its pretences but on its results. As for the results, there cannot be any doubt since the *Times* reported from Potsdam on July 31st:—

> Word is said to have reached the conference through reliable travellers from the east of the fearful conditions on the roads after the wholesale evacuation by Polish forces of German towns as Liegnitz, Hirschberg, Bunzlau and Görlitz, where streams of refugees are converging with Sudeten Germans driven from Czechoslovakia. Women and children are reported to be dying by the roadside . . .

Reuter reports on the same tragedy were printed in *The Times* and *Manchester Guardian* of August 8th —apart from joyful accounts in the *Daily Mail* (August 6th) and *Daily Express* ("Despair hordes swamp Berlin," August 20th).

I may also quote an unbiassed authority (a traveller of Allied nationality) who described the plight of the Sudeten deportees in Saxony in the concluding sentences of a report as follows:—

> I have seen a large proportion of these people, numbering nearly to a million, literally starving on the road. I saw children and babies lying dead in the ditch by the roadside, died of hunger or epidemic diseases, their arms and legs often not thicker than a man's thumb. The evacuees try to pick out of the refuse of the Russian field kitchens, often already in a state of decay, something suitable to satisfy their maddening hunger.

Against this background one can estimate the impartiality of an "Observer" who referred in last week's *N.S. & N.* to "serious resistance of Sudeten-Germans, which usually takes the forms of circulating forged documents or of drifting back into the Sudeten areas from Saxony." "Serious resistance" against death—the eternal crime of dying people!

I must add, with deep regret, that the editorial comments of your paper and the whitewash attempts of so-called Special Correspondents encouraged the transfer extremists in Prague at a time when their murderous practices could still have been curtailed by a firm opposition of progressive public opinion in Great Britain. Your contributors, like that man "recently in Czechoslovakia," are hunting for further victims in the American zone by describing the situation in Marienbad, Eger, Karlsbad in terms obviously calculated to justify not only the most far-reaching Czech racial claims, but to stigmatise also the anti-Nazis as a mere handful of cowards. Besides, your "Observer's" reflections contained a familiar hint when he wrote:—

> These Sudeten Germans who have the future of their people most at heart do not think that those who claim to speak for them from London or Stockholm can bring them anything but harm.

Thus, it appears that my comrades in Sudetenland are being threatened with further reprisals for every word of criticism which I (or my colleague E. Paul, in Stockholm) speak or write abroad. This is no surprise to me since Racialism has its own logic. Also Hitler made Jewish *Gräuel-Propaganda* abroad a pretext for increased anti-Jewish persecution at home.

Sudeten-German **Wenzel Jaksch**
Social Democratic Party,
16, Laurel Gardens,
London, N.W.7.

[This journal has throughout opposed the unjust, cruel and vengeful policy of indiscriminate mass deportation. The Czech Government in London also repudiated this policy. We have advocated, where unavoidable, that transfers of unassimilable groups should be carried out under planned, international supervision. We disagreed with Mr. Jaksch's solution, but have never accepted or abetted the policy now adopted.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

AUSTRIAN PRISONERS OF WAR

Sir,—We should like to draw your attention to a particular aspect of help for stricken Austria, which is facing the danger of famine and epidemics in the coming winter months.

There is not only urgent need for foodstuffs, fuel and medical supplies which it is to be hoped will be provided by U.N.R.R.A., not only in the interest of Austria but the whole of Europe. Austria is also in most urgent need of man power; Vienna needs at least 20,000 building workers for the most important repair works; Austria needs tens of thousands of agricultural workers and farmers to enable the country to use her own resources for feeding her people; she needs many thousands of railway men, transport workers and engineers if the transport system is to be reconstructed; particularly Vienna needs doctors—at present Nazi doctors cannot be dismissed because there is not enough medical personnel.

On the other hand there are tens of thousands of Austrian prisoners of war in Great Britain alone, amongst them a large percentage of reliable anti-Nazis. They certainly represent a most important reservoir of man power for Austria.

For that reason we should like to suggest the following measures:—

(1) The immediate segregation of all the Austrian prisoners of war from the mass of German P.O.W. (at present the segregation is by no means complete).

(2) The Austrian P.O.W. camps should immediately be placed under self-administration by Austrians (at present Nazi officers and N.C.O.'s are still in charge of many camps).

(3) The anti-Nazi elements, amongst them many deserters and men from the Underground Movement, should get all facilities within the camps for democratic re-education (access to anti-Fascist literature, lectures by democratic speakers, etc.).

(4) The speedy repatriation of those categories of workers which are needed in Austria.

The Socialist Party in Austria is also asking for the early return of Socialist Party and trade union organisers who are exiles or P.O.W. abroad, and who are most urgently needed for the revival of Austrian democracy and the strengthening of democratic organisations and institutions.

The Socialist Party in Austria is most anxious to get all possible help with regard to the man-power question and it hopes particularly for understanding and support from the British Labour Government.

London Bureau of the **Oscar Pollak,**
Austrian Socialists, **Karl Czernetz**
31, Broadhurst Gardens,
London, N.W.6.

AMNESTY FOR PRISONERS

Sir,—Although the war has ended, and the Fascist internees have been released from their confinement, thousands of men and women are still in prison under wartime laws. These prisoners are not offenders against the common law, and the regulations under which they were incarcerated are admitted to be extraordinary measures necessitated only by the emergency of a major war.

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They include political prisoners (whom the law chooses to class as felons) conscientious objectors, deserters, absentees and offenders under many bureaucratic regulations. The civil prisons are overcrowded with them, and many more are held under appalling conditions in military concentration camps, often undergoing long sentences for trifling offences.

Whatever excuse may have been given during the past few years for such imprisonments is surely invalidated now that the war is ended and we are told that the nation will gradually return to peacetime conditions. The most important task of a return to peace, more urgent even than housing or food, would appear to be a rectification of those injustices which were committed during wartime when the fundamental rights of the citizen were suspended under the pretext of an emergency situation. It is to be hoped that the new Labour Government will take early action to alter this situation.

The Freedom Defence Committee intends to begin an immediate campaign for an amnesty for all civilian and military offenders against wartime laws, and would welcome the support of all who are anxious for the liberation of the British prisoners of war in British prisons. A demand for such an amnesty will be presented to the Home Secretary, and signature forms are available from the offices of the Committee, 17 St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

Chairman. HERBERT READ

THE YOGI AND THE COMMISSAR

SIR,—The hoary falsehood, retailed—doubtless in all ignorance—by Dr. John R. Baker in your issue of August 11th, that "persons aged 12 years are subject to the death penalty in the U.S.S.R. if found guilty of banditry," has been refuted so often that it ought surely to have fallen out of currency by now.

It is true that a decree of April 7th, 1935, provides that minors as from the age of 12 found to have committed various grave crimes are to be brought to trial before the Criminal Courts, and subjected to the ordinary punishments provided by law. But the Criminal Codes provide that the death penalty is not to be applied to "persons who have not reached their 18th birthday at the moment of committing the crime."

It is therefore untrue to say, as Dr. Baker does, that Soviet law imposes the death penalty at a lower age than does the law of other countries; and the number of children executed under the decree is necessarily nil.

So, I hope, ends one more malignant misrepresentation; but it has had a long run.

If I may illustrate the misrepresentation by a parallel from our own law, our Defence Regulation 1B appears to provide that a girl of 15 could be sentenced to death for attempting to drive a pony and trap past a military "traffic cop" who had put his hand out to stop her; but in truth the general provisions of the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, would protect her from such sentence if she were under eighteen (and common sense would no doubt save her from it even if she were over eighteen).

Should Dr. Baker—or anyone else—wish to verify his facts before retailing other people's falsehoods, the relevant codes can be consulted in this Society's Library. D. N. PRITT,

Chairman, Society for Cultural Relations,
98, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

EDUCATION AND CULTURE

SIR,—In your note on the proposed Educational and Cultural Organisation of the United Nations you say that "the old League Institute for Intellectual Co-operation with excellent intentions was able to accomplish little." The truth is that the Committee on Intellectual Co-operation and its Institute in Paris did splendid pioneer work in difficult territory. It could have done much more had so fine an enterprise been taken seriously by the States-members of the League, including Great Britain.

In the first years of its existence the total sum voted in the League budget for the furtherance of the things of the mind and spirit was hardly sufficient to meet the day-by-day needs of the small staff of the International Committee. Indeed, within the first two years (1922–1924) such was the serious financial situation that the Geneva Committee, then presided over by M. Bergson, was obliged to issue an appeal for funds to any Government that would respond. Only one Government did. It was the French Government in 1924 of M. Herriot that made an offer of an Institute of Intellectual Co-operation in Paris, with an endowment of 2,000,000 French francs a year.

Gradually other governments voted relatively small sums in support of the Institute, but the British Government was resolute to the end (that is, up to 1939) in its refusal to back any effort at international understanding through education by any financial grant to the Institute in Paris.

Dr. Gilbert Murray, the distinguished chairman for many years of the League Committee on Intellectual Co-operation, said: "No direct contributions were made by Germany, Italy, Japan or Great Britain. The abstention of the Axis Powers is easily understood, but the refusal of Great Britain to take part in an undertaking which seemed to correspond so exac with the desires of the nation in international pol and in which British subjects have played such important part, has never been adequately explained

The coming of the Educational and Cultu Organisation is one of the promising signs of o time. Let us hope that the governments of the Uni Nations will not allow the new venture to be cripple as was its predecessor, by financial support that w shamefully inadequate.

GWILYM DAVIES

The Temple of Peace,
Cardiff.

THE LATE SIR MICHAEL SADLER

SIR,—My father's long life was so crowded w diverse activities and interests, and the papers—bo private and professional—which he left behind so numerous and varied, that it seemed impractica to do full justice to his career and achievements with the limits of a single biography. Further, the signi cance and importance of his work as a student education and as a pioneer in educational progre are subjects too technical for treatment by anyo not a practising educationalist, and could only combined with a personal memoir and a descripti of his energies other than educational at the risk producing a work, not only of unwieldy size, but al of disparate appeal.

It is proposed, therefore, to prepare an "Educ tional Biography" as well as a more general one and I am privileged to announce that Miss Lynd Grier, shortly retiring from the Principalship of La Margaret Hall, Oxford, has consented in due cour to undertake this difficult and specialised task. Th second biography—the personal memoir—I sha myself attempt, aiming at a book based primarily o my father's letters, diaries and informal memoranda which book shall show the man as his family an intimates knew him, tell the story of his life, and onl touch on his career as educationalist in so far as affected his home life and his whereabouts.

May I appeal through your columns to owners letters and other manuscript documents written b him for the loan of the originals or of copies? should be grateful if material of educational, as we as non-educational significance, be sent to me at th address below, for transcription (where necessary) an return, and for allocation to the "Education Biographer" or to myself, as the case may be.

MICHAEL SADLEIR

10, Orange Street,
London, W.C.2.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

About the middle of the First World War our omniscient, respected and occasionally irritating George Edward Bateman Saintsbury published "a survey of eighteenth century literature as a place of rest and refreshment." He was then over seventy. He was born in 1845; he lived to be eighty-seven. His *Peace of the Augustans* is an escapist essay that ought not to remain out of print. It has been consulted for its restorative quality in two wars. We may need it again. It will always "refresh" those who have not discarded the last of time-delusions: nostalgic regret for selected portions of the past. Only stout hearts can stare without flinching at the present; even a glance at it weakens faith in the future. The past is left as a retreat. England in the eighteenth century will serve those who do not trouble their heads with economic and social conditions, who ignore gaols, garrets, patrons, Bridewell, smallpox, putrid fevers, varied stenches and a few other disadvantages about which indeed our literature, from Defoe to Johnson and Crabbe, is (honourably) not silent. Is there "refreshment" in Swift's *Modest Proposal*, in the last part of *Gulliver*, in Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, in Cowper's *Castaway*, in such meditations amongst the tombs as Young's *Night Thoughts* and Blair's *Grave?* This murky background to the picture—Hogarth rather than Reynolds—was largely ignored by Saintsbury, for whom literature was "a thing apart." He points out, indeed, that form without matter, art without life, are inconceivable. But it is not for him to permit the torment of a life such as Swift's to mar the enjoyment of prose perfect in the plain style; and therefore "refreshing." Perhaps, too, if challenged in his ardent defence of a period that nobody was attacking, so far as I remember, in 1916, he would have reminded us that both Swift and Cowper went mad, as did Collins and Christopher Smart, and that these fugitives from the happy valley are therefore not typical, not normal "Augustans"—in his extended use of that term. He actually does suggest that it was "not the out-of-jointness of the times but the fault of nature and will in the man that brought Johnson's penury." A typical diagnosis. "What is the matter with the poor is their poverty," says Bernard Shaw. I am afraid that Saintsbury would have asserted that nothing much is the matter with the poor, so long as governments do not make them wicked by helping them at the expense of others, and that "penury" is largely the fault of those who succumb to it. The "times are not to blame." "There never was a century which did less harm than the eighteenth in England."

It would be pleasant to swallow this High Toryism whole, as we swallow Dr. Johnson's. The difference is here Johnson's profound pity for the plight of the oppressed and outcast lifts his meditation—his "social thought"—far above his political creed or prejudice. Saintsbury, on the other hand, after trying to persuade us that all changes, reforms and revolutions are ways of going to the Devil, and that the duty of a retarding Conservatism is to make things go as slowly as possible to that person or place, constantly denies that the working classes have ever been benefited, or morally improved, by any legislation in their favour, and that "enormous changes" do but make them (in his own words) "lazier, greedier, more full of hatred and malice," than before. He was accused of having read more books in several languages than becomes a gentleman—or even a critic. He rather too frequently defies us in that sense, nudging us, like a jovial examiner, into admission of our ignorance. Evidently amongst the books he did *not* read were the works of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond on "the condition of England question."

I insist upon this point merely in order to indicate that one who had nourished, and perhaps surfeited, his mind on the best that has been said and thought in the world, and fortified his blood on the choicest wines that the world used to provide, could yet indulge in the odd capers of gouty Blimpishness that riot across the pages of his three *Scrap Books*.

It was often said that Saintsbury kept his politics out of his literary criticism. I think this is true in regard to his early writings and those of the middle period—his excellent *Short History of English Literature* (1898), his *Elizabethan Literature*, his *Essays in English Literature*, most of his *Collected Papers* and his great *History of Criticism*. Meanwhile, one whose own prose came, in later life, so obviously to neglect rhythm for rambling, could, in a *History of English Prose Rhythm*, easily disengage technical exposition from any influences of environment—from contemporary conditions without which, however, writers like Shelley and Byron surely cannot be understood. Again, throughout the patient metrical analyses of his *History of English Prosody* Saintsbury, armed with an adequate foot-rule, had none to quarrel with, except the asthmatic accentualists, the phonetic specialists in speech-waves, the Laryngologists who gargle or gasp in isochronous intervals, the Sectionists, the Solifidians, the Monopressurists and the other eccentrics, from Dr. Guest to Dr. Bridges, whose theories remind one, in their subtle sub-divisions, of the theological heresies of the "holy city of Byzantium." Throughout his three-volume contribution to a controversy that seems to inflame spleen more than any other theme, except religion and politics, Saintsbury keeps his temper with the perfect serenity of assured conviction. I think he proves his case—the case for foot scansion, with "substitution"—as a *basic* rule for English verse. Those who cannot endure the lengthy argument, can find a convenient "boil-down" in his shorter *Manual of English Prosody*—in itself an admirable anthology of our poetry from the strictly prosodic point of view.

In his *Peace of the Augustans*, the book I have chosen out of his vast production as fitted for the consolation of this age, Saintsbury's celebrated "style" was already beginning to exhibit a trailing parenthetic allusiveness that makes him heavy reading when he is obviously endeavouring to be light. It was said of Macaulay that he read a library to write a sentence and traversed a continent for a descriptive epithet. He, too, was gifted—or afflicted—with a photographic memory. But Macaulay's references are not irrelevancies. Saintsbury's too often are. Open any of his later books at random, turn a page or two. I open—I swear without cheating—the second volume of his *History of the French Novel*, and find, in a criticism of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme* that it is "a book standing out in the formidable genealogy of psychological novels as (*salva reverentia*) certain names stand out from the others in the greater list that opens the first chapter of St. Matthew." What on earth or in Heaven has St. Matthew to do with novels of the sceptical Beyle? This allusiveness was a part of Saintsbury's habit of reminding us that he had read everything; while he suggests that *we* have not—that, for example, we could not pass an examination (as he could) in *The Castle of Otranto* or *The Mysteries of Udolpho*.

Yet, in earlier life, Saintsbury wrote good prose without nagging. And it is significant that the preface to one of the most useful of his educative manuals, *Specimens of English Prose Style* (1885), was commended by Walter Pater, as, in itself, "a document or standard" in that matter. What went wrong? Was it that the accumulated weight of countless individual observations began at last to dislocate the Saintsburyan syntax, disabling it from mention of any book or author without simultaneous reference to half a dozen others? "As so-and-so says, in such another work or situation." The habit, the trick, makes of our Saintsbury the Sam Weller of literary criticism; and it may be that some of us have not found Sam's anecdotal backchat the most amusing part of his otherwise attractive conversation.

Saintsbury's remarks on points of critical doctrine reveal him as a careful practitioner of the humble *a posteriori* method; as one who seeks to "provide the mind with a sort of conspectus of literature", never prescribing, in the manner of Matthew Arnold, what a book should be—a criticism of life and so on—never forgetting the Aristotelian warning against "shifting from one kind of thought or subject to another," never importing a pseudo-science of literary judgment. For, he says, "with beauty science has nothing to do"—a view that might not have been approved by the severely intellectual artist the world has just lost in Paul Valéry. If we make up our minds as to what books *ought* to be like—God help us! This phrase is frequent in Saintsbury, who was fond of threatening his students with divine disapproval if they did not remember the essential individuality of art, the great and splendid mystery of the idiosyncrasy of the artist, to whom we must not dictate by preconceived standards of excellence. The critic is, by etymology, a *judge*, but, with the widest possible range of comparison, he is not to apply any test but that of pure literature: a test Saintsbury faithfully followed, until, in his later writings, he allowed politics or morals to infect his judgment, calling Voltaire vulgar and "a low fellow" (not, surely, on literary grounds) and declaring that Alphonse Daudet was no gentleman because he introduced real people into his novels.

What, then, of Dickens, Thackeray, Disraeli and the tribe of those who wrote *romans à clef?* One can suppose only that Dickens, *père* as Micawber and Mr. Dorrit, Dickens's mother as Mrs. Nickleby, a piece of Leigh Hunt as Harold Skimpole and of Landor as Boythorne, were socially unimportant figures, whereas Daudet dared to portray a king, a statesman, an elderly harmless academician, and (worst) in *Le Nabab* a *Duke*. (And what a Duke!—the Duc de Morny.) This brings down on poor Daudet's books, from Saintsbury, the (for him) violent description of "essentially vulgar, vulturine, ghoulish." Daudet "throws dirty missiles at living magnates." And a reading of *L'Immortel* leaves in the critic's mouth a bad taste which he, misquoting Keats, describes as a "*flavour* of poisonous brass and metal sick." His independent judgment shows its weakness in this same second volume of the *History of the French Novel*. To give one chapter to a combined estimate of two of the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century, Beyle and Balzac, and roughly the same space to Georges Sand and the fiction of the younger Dumas, betrays an extraordinary neglect of proportion. Was Balzac then also a low fellow? Was Henri Beyle not quite a gentleman? Saintsbury does not say so. But at this stage of his long laborious career prejudice would keep breaking through.

It would not be unfair—it would be imitating his own method—to test Saintsbury as a critic, and as an historian of letters, by comparison with two of his intimate friends whose assistance in proof-reading he punctually acknowledges in several prefaces: Oliver Elton who died a few weeks ago, William Paton Ker. I think that no reader of Elton's *Survey of English Literature*, from 1830 to 1880, will deny that, throughout those six volumes—but particularly in the first four (since learned critics are apt to lose their heads as they approach their own times)—Elton shows a far finer sense of literary appreciation, with, behind it, a far wider human sympathy than Saintsbury ever attained, while the reticent, the reserved, the extremely modest Ker, in such works as *Epic and Romance* and *The Dark Ages* (contributed, this, to a series edited by Saintsbury) allows his great knowledge—implicit, pervasive—to permeate his style without pitching fragments of fact at one with jolly threats, after the manner of a professor determined to rouse adolescents.

Saintsbury is saved from the dullness of a pedestrian commentator by the zeal, the ardour, the intense devotion to letters exhibited even in his shorter manuals of instruction. He knew that there could be no finality in criticism, which is "the result of the reaction of the processes of one mind on the products of another." Since no two minds are alike the results of criticism can never be the same and there can be no final portrait of the artist. Perhaps this attitude, this tincture of philosophic scepticism, was not strictly professorial. That is nothing against it. So long as he has a tradition behind him, Saintsbury rarely errs: it is only when he advances upon the new, the modern or modernist, that he loses his balance, as when he asserts, in 1916, that most twentieth century novels are "merely boring," exempting from this condemnation only Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street*.

When all is said, we remember with gratitude all that we owe to this prodigiously informative teacher who, for our instruction, ransacked all English literature, more than once, from Beowulf to Bridges, all European critical literature from Plato and Aristotle to Pater and the year 1900, all French fiction to the same year, with scores of essays analysing the idiosyncracies of hundreds of "minors." Nor do we forget his tantalising account—as it must be in these days—of delectable vintages of wine and types of spirits, not excluding whisky, gin, and even absinthe. "I never myself drank more than one absinthe a day." "Two entrées are quite enough." These, with other like sayings, restore our faith in Saintsbury's essential geniality. Give us his crusty port rather than his crabbed politics. Few of us can drink to his venerable shade in this year of his centenary: the liquor is lacking. All of us can enjoy much else with him. All can learn from him. Those who are too superior to do so—God help them!

RICHARD JENNINGS

DOCUMENTARY

Short History of Labour Conditions in Germany, 1800 to the Present Day. By JUENGEN KUCZYNSKI. *Muller.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Assize of Arms (Volume I). By BRIGADIER-GENERAL MORGAN. *Methuen.* 15*s.*
Memoirs. By VISCOUNT SAMUEL. *Cresset Press.* 15*s.*
The Reeling Earth. By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. *Faber.* 16*s.*
Our Jungle Diplomacy. By W. FRANKLIN SANDS. *Humphrey Milford.* 15*s.* 6*d.*

What makes a book valuable as a source to the historian? Partly, of course, that it contains facts which are not obtainable elsewhere. But facts—the hard lumps of unprocessed information—can be built into almost any historical structure; and the more objective and colourless those facts are, the more varied are the meanings we can give them. Mr. Kuczynski, for instance, continuing his father's statistical researches, gives us a number of formidable tables and figures relating to the wages and welfare of the German working class since the industrial revolution. Like the majority of his readers, I am no statistical expert and cannot judge of the quality of his research. But an elementary knowledge of German history is sufficient to enable one to realise the gap between Mr. Kuczynski's statistics and the historical judgments which he bases upon them. Without interpretation, his tables are meaningless; but his method of interpreting them is to fit them into a previously conceived and dogmatic theory of the increasing misery of the working class. We know, before we start, what the end result of the inquiry will be. Nothing is *discovered* on the way; experience is not enriched by new and unexpected sidelights on German capitalism. History is debased into a pseudo-geometry, which triumphantly ends not in an understanding of a complex society but in a Marxist Q.E.D. Statisticians may find Mr. Kuczynski's appendices of value, but it is misleading to call the book in which they are published "A Short History of Labour Conditions." It does not begin to be history.

In General Morgan's study of the disarmament of Germany after the last war, we reach the other extreme of historical writing. Here is someone who took an active part in the making of history, as British military representative on the German Disarmament Commission from 1919 to 1923, and can describe, dramatically but with the accuracy of a trained lawyer, what he saw and heard. As long as he confines himself to the task of giving his eye-witness evidence on the struggle against the Reichswehr ministry and the Kapp Putsch, General Morgan is a witness of first-rate importance to the court of history. What could be better, for instance, than this description of the first *and only* meeting between the Disarmament Commission and the German Generals?

> We arrived with military punctuality, only to find ourselves kept waiting, like suppliants craving an audience, in an ante-room. We waited for a considerable time. At last a young German staff officer intimated, with a gesture towards the door of an adjoining room, that all was ready for us. As we filed into the Conference Room by one door, a long procession of German officers entered by the other. The synchronisation was perfect. We took up our positions on one side of a long table while the Germans executed a similar manœuvre on the other. These movements took place in complete silence. There were seven of us and just fourteen of them. As the names of our delegation had, at their request, already been forwarded to the German authorities, this inequality in representation was presumably calculated. We were in Service uniform, but the German officers were in full dress. . . . The head of the German delegation, General von Cramon, and our own G.O.C., General Nollet, stood opposite each other. . . . Nollet kept his eyes on von Cramon, but von Cramon never once looked at Nollet. He addressed all his remarks to a German civilian, who stood at his elbow interpreting. . . .
>
> Von Cramon had begun with some prolegomenous words about the necessity of mutual trust and confidence. He complained that the tone of Nollet's "Notes" had suggested mistrust. Nollet replied . . . that nothing personal had been intended, but "control" implied supervision and supervision implied a measure of mistrust. "I accept that," said von Cramon quietly, and then, with sudden swiftness, "I declare this sitting open." Without even waiting for the interpreter to translate, he and all the German officers, as at a signal, suddenly relaxed and were about to sit down. "*Arrêtez-vous*," rapped out Nollet, . . . "That won't do. There's an *attrape* there. It is for me to declare this sitting open. We are in control here." Cramon replied, "You are a foreign mission"—he skilfully avoided the word Commission—"meeting the German Government in time of peace. By all diplomatic precedents it is for me to preside." "There are no precedents," said Nollet sharply. "The Treaty has made one. The Treaty placed us in control, and control means supervision." . . . "Very well," said Cramon after a pause, "then that ends it. I must report to my Government." "And I to mine," said Nollet.
>
> We all marched out.

The first half of *Assize of Arms* is full of such passages. It attests to the abject failure of the Allies to destroy or even to attempt to destroy the German Officers' Corps, and it indicates that an important reason for this failure was that fear of Bolshevism which Hitler was later to exploit in creating his German Empire.

But the witness for the prosecution is less successful when he assumes the role of the judge. General Morgan's knowledge of Germany was inevitably mainly confined to an acquaintance with the Army. In a most useful chapter, he reminds us that barbarity and ruthlessness was ingrained in the German Army—especially the Officers' Corps and the N.C.O.s—long before Himmler began to form his S.S. But when he

"A new book by Mary O'Hara is an event to set libraries and loose-boxes in a flutter." The Observer.

Thunderhead

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Polemic

will be a symposium of philosophy, psychology, æsthetics and sociology. The name **polemic** has been chosen because it suggests that we intend to encourage an exchange of opinions and ideas rather than to make propaganda for any compact system of predetermined outlook.

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Difference of opinion will therefore be understood as a natural reflection of the unlimited intricacy of the world we live in, and articles from more than one point of view, on a given subject, will be printed in each edition. At the same time, the editorial policy will not be quite unprejudiced; it will assume that separately during the last fifty years there have been four revolutionary developments which are significant for the future of human thought and behaviour.

1 The discovery of the unconscious by Freud
2 The tendency of philosophy, as a subject, to develop into a science of verbal meaning (semantics, symbolism, logical positivism)
3 The trend in the arts away from representation towards expression and construction
4 The evolution of marxism as the Faith of tens of millions of people in Europe and Asia.

polemic will be a medium for discussing these developments in relation to the theoretical issues of the day. It will be produced as a book this summer; it will be edited by Humphrey Slater, and published by Rodney Phillips at Premier House, Dover Street, London, W.1. The contributors will include:

GEORGE ORWELL A. J. AYER STEPHEN SPENDER BERTRAND RUSSELL
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NATION AND FAMILY

by

ALVA MYRDAL

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A thorough discussion of what population figures depict, what a decline of population would mean with regard to economics, to productivity, to increase of old people, etc., and a programme of how a nation's life must adjust to that of its families. The author, a Swedish expert, recently gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Population.

KEGAN PAUL

deals with social problems he is in danger of undermining the evidence of his earlier chapters, by the generalisations with which he desires to reinforce it. If this is the effect of *Assize at Arms* on the general reader, it will be a grievous thing. For it contains some of the best writing on the subject of German Militarism which it has been my privilege to read.

If General Morgan lacks judicial impartiality, Lord Samuel has an excess of it. Here is a statesman of outstanding integrity and ability whose active political career covered the most dramatic period of our history. Lord Samuel fought his first election in 1895; he became Parliamentary Secretary at the Home Office in the Liberal Government of 1906, a Cabinet Minister in 1914, first High Commissioner for Palestine in 1920. He played an important part in the General Strike and in the 1931 crisis. Throughout his career, he has been the trusted recipient of confidences, the "honest broker" mediating between men of passion; and, added to this, he is the only living statesman who, continuing the tradition of Balfour and Morley, has straddled the world of affairs and the world of ideas. A unique life, and, one would have hoped, a unique autobiography.

But to tell the truth, Lord Samuel's *Memoirs* make dull reading. They will be studied by the historian, because they contain important evidence on many political issues—the Marconi scandal, the Lloyd-George-Asquith conflict, the origin of the Balfour declaration, and the 1931 crisis. Referring to the formation of the National Government, for instance, Lord Samuel is able to show that King George V did not, as has been suggested, exert any improper influence; and he publishes an important letter from Mr. MacDonald, expressly stating that the Government would not under any circumstances appeal to the country; on the contrary, when the crisis was over, Parliament would revert to Party politics. Despite this assurance, the 1931 election took place a few weeks later. Lord Samuel throws the blame on Mr. MacDonald, but it is noteworthy that he, and his fellow Liberals, did not go into opposition as they might well have done. Tactics triumphed over principle.

The careful reader will find a number of important sidelights on history in these memoirs. But what they reveal, they reveal despite their author. An absence of partisanship, admirable in an administrator, desiccates the pages of an autobiography. Emotion recollected in tranquillity becomes a faded photograph in an ornate album. Turning over the pages, it is only by a violent act of imagination that one can recreate the tremendous personalities which they portray, or indeed remember that the author, at the time of the London Dock Strike, wrote: "Let there be but one bad King, one unscrupulous minister, and down will crumble your monarchy and your upper classes. May it be well led, our English Revolution!"

The last two books on my list can be noticed briefly. Mrs. Millin is an extremely accomplished diarist, mainly because she has the art of selection. Instead of publishing all her daily thoughts, she has narrowed *The Reeling Earth* to a record of her reactions to the war-news, as it reached her day by day, in the strange second year of the war, which, rising from the Battle of Britain to the victories in North Africa, then sank to a new low level in the catastrophies of Greece and Crete and the German sweep into Russia. Because Mrs. Millin, despite her contacts with General Smuts, is a perfectly normal amateur strategist like the rest of us, her diary will remain a valuable record of the ups and downs of informed public opinion. Reading it I re-experienced with extraordinary vividness the sequence of past emotions, with the added interest of recognising in retrospect the shifting basis of truth and untruth on which they were based. A valuable book, which it would be easy to overlook.

Mr. Sands describes his experiences as an American diplomat in Panama and Guatemala during the period of Dollar Diplomacy before 1914. His book is a great deal better than its title. The events it describes are extremely exciting and are only saved from being dismissed as outrageous melodrama, by the author's detached sense of humour and surprisingly shrewd observations on American foreign policy. I have a suspicion that Mr. Sands would have written an even better book if he had trusted to his own talents, instead of seeking the collaboration of a professional journalist. His Guatemalan Lily needed no gilding.

R. H. S. Crossman

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LISTENING IN THE DARK

The Rescue. By E. Sackville West. With six illustrations by Henry Moore. *Secker and Warburg.* 21*s.*

This is the text of Mr. Edward Sackville West's bold dramatic adaptation of a part of the *Odyssey* which was first broadcast by the B.B.C. in November, 1943, and was one of the most striking and successful experiments the Corporation has fostered. The critic can now study this radio play in a handsomely produced volume which is a pleasure to possess, and if Benjamin Britten's music is not there, the remarkably imaginative drawings by Henry Moore add that visual interpretation which the radio cannot give. A preface discusses the limitations and possibilities of play-writing for the radio and contains an intimate but detached criticism of *The Rescue* itself, which will be of very great value to other writers who are new to the medium. What are the possibilities and limitations? Like the ballet, radio is one of the maimed arts. The critic is at once in a dilemma. A radio play is rarely broadcast more than twice; it pours into the home to be interrupted by the dog at the door, the telephone, the visitor. There is no sense of occasion about this new art which is received at a far more informal level even than the film; and while we can carry the scenes of a stage play or a film in the head for years, we are ashamed to discover that the room where we listened or the irrelevant faces of the people around us, are as vivid if not more vivid than any recollection of a radio play itself. Radio drama would seem to be the most fugitive of the arts, and, therefore, like music requiring a very great deal of repetition; the alternative is to treat it as light journalism. And I suggest that no proper convention for listening has been thought out. Surely, as in the theatre or cinema, the radio play should be heard in the dark, so that all external images are excluded, and so that the lights may go up in the listener's brain which is the true radio stage.

In his preface Mr. Sackville West has a good deal to say about technique and he is especially interesting on the musical aspect of *The Rescue* which was written to a conscious musical pattern; indeed to Mr. Sackville West, the radio drama appears as a return to the recitative of the earliest opera: opera has reached its limit as an art form and is now returning to its source in declamation. If *The Rescue* failed elsewhere it

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DENT

triumphed here in the assimilation of the music to the word, and reached points of pure loveliness in the arias in which the many soliloquies were cast. (As other writers have noted, especially Mr. Louis MacNeice in his preface to his own *Columbus*, the soliloquy has come into its own again, in this form of drama.) In one respect, Mr. Sackville West thinks, he and Benjamin Britten miscalculated: the transitional music was too brief. This is an important criticism and can be applied to radio generally; writers are afraid of silence and are afraid of the long unspoken interval. Yet if they could look into the listener's mind they would see there an agitated and overcrowded stage, where much was obscure; and which craved for respite. I am sure a great deal of radio drama requires far more music than it is usually given. The radio writer is appealing not to the listener's eye nor even to his inner eye, but to his imagination; he is offering suggestions: they must have time, like those Japanese water flowers we used to buy, to unfold. In general, the whole tendency of the radio is to excess. The common tendency is to use far too many words, far too many characters, far too many incidents. And to attempt too much dramatic action. Again and again the high spots of action in radio drama fail to come off, either because one cannot see them or because the text creaks and groans with the writer's explanations. I know no radio play which approaches, in these passages, the technique of the running commentary, on, say, the Derby or boxing. I have heard one or two admirable boxing commentaries that are a lesson to radio dramatists.

When Mr. Sackville West came to the extreme point of action in his script, *i.e.* the killing of the suitors, he approached the sequence with a good deal of experience in the art of indirect suggestion; but, though I admire his ingenuity, I must agree with his own judgment that this and the storm sequences revealed the limitations rather than the merits of the art. The excellent moments were in the "magic" scenes, and that in which the shadow profile is disclosed on the wall in Part 2; and these were precisely the kind of drama that would have failed, I fancy, on the stage. It was brilliant of Mr. Sackville West to have conceived these sequences. When it is said that *The Rescue* is too literary, the answer is the dramatic success of these literary scenes; I think that by "literary" critics may have had some other meaning in mind, referring perhaps to an excess of short speeches which broke down and levelled the dramatic effect. It seemed to me the "magic" scene crumbled away at the end in this fashion.

The effectiveness of stylised speech in the radio drama, with its revival of eloquence and meditation aloud, is undeniable. In naturalistic "Features" this kind of rhetoric may have been overdone, so that it sounds like a string of advertisement slogans; but in the poetic form *The Rescue* has carried forward the work of T. S. Eliot in *Murder in the Cathedral.*

The transition from stylised to ordinary speech, in *The Rescue*, is not always very happy, and though Mr. Sackville West is of course quite correct in saying that Elizabethan audiences accepted the use of the vernacular and verse together, I have the impression that if they were to be used in the same action, the crisis of the action was expressed in verse and not in the vernacular. One progresses from the vernacular to verse and returns to the vernacular. But here again, we come against the paradox of the radio: it is most dramatic when it is least active, where there is most meditation aloud.

The meaning of the play was conveyed by Phemius, the poet who in two or three simple and moving passages, made his plea for the Mediterranean vision and for the austere arbitrament of the imagination:

> Men seldom know me when they see me.
> I am here and not here; I am
> The captured shadow; the intersection
> Of Past and Future;
> The moment of death;
> The mysterious blood of sleep; the eyes
> Of the statue whose gaze is inward.

A narrator was not used in *The Rescue*; the role very effectively devolved upon Athene. I am now coming round to the belief that the narrator is indispensable and that the direct technique leads too easily to tedium, confusion and, above all, the failure of perspective. In naturalistic dramas the direct technique has led to what can only be called the Rugger match production. The whistle blows and there is a race to the touch line broken by incomprehensible scrums; and we are out of touch with the whole team. This is by no means due entirely to the amateurishness of the writer or a tired producer. More than any other the radio drama requires the plane of rest; the repose of description, the refreshing monotony of explanation. The prologue, even the statement of the argument, has its place. To a large exte the listener needs to be involved in advanc The sacrifices to clarity and economy cannot too great in planning the frame-work of rad drama. Perhaps the word *drama* itself oug to be dropped. For the moment, I find mys holding this reactionary view; and I notic that, at any rate, *The Rescue* and *Columb* which were the most courageous and ambitio imaginative dramas put on the air (one an operat melodrama and the other a pageant), were bot well-known stories thoroughly established the listener's mind before he turned the knob And—I hope—turned out the light.

V. S. PRITCHETT

PLANNING FOR FREEDOM

Freedom Under Planning. By BARBAR WOOTTON. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

Mrs. Wootton's new book is in form large an answer to Professor Hayek's *Road* *Serfdom.* In that much-puffed diatribe, Professor Hayek followed the simple method assuming always the best in speaking of *laisse* *faire*, and always the worst in discussing an sort of planning. Tacitly, he always identifie planning of any sort with totalitarianism, and had little difficulty on this assumption in showin the infinite superiority of a perfectly competitive perfectly free, liberal economy—if such a economy could in fact exist. Mrs. Wootton doe not set out to invert this method, by assumin the best of planning and the worst of *laisse* *faire.* On the contrary, she is careful to insis that planning in itself is neither good nor bad but depends for its quality on the ends whic it is designed to serve. The question she set out to answer is not whether planning is good i itself, but whether a democratic community setting a high value on freedoms (the plural i hers) can plan its economic life so as to avoi unemployment and insecurity and dire poverty without giving up more freedoms than it will wi or enhance by the abolition of those evils. He broad conclusion is that it can, not indeed withou difficulty or risks, but at risks which are well worth taking in view of the net balance of advantage they are likely to afford.

A large part of the argument follows familiar lines Mrs. Wootton is at her best where she is breaking comparatively new ground, as in her discussion o wages under planning. She points out, correctly that it will be impossible to reconcile a planned

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John Murray

priority in production, to serve the needs of the people, with *both* complete freedom of labour to move from job to job and from industry to industry *and* the settlement of wages by unconditional collective bargaining by Trade Unions each seeking maximum sectional advantage. Her conclusion is that, as the freedom of labour to move without direction is essential and is fully compatible with planned production, if labour can be attracted by wage-inducements to where it is needed most, there will have under planning to be a planned wage system, as there is in the Soviet Union. This does not mean that Trade Unions will have no part in wage-determination: it does mean that they will have to act, not sectionally, but together in consultation in the sharing out of whatever total sum is available, in accordance with the requirements of the public plan of priorities in production and therefore in the man-power needed for it.

Mrs. Wootton is much less satisfying when she comes to deal with the political aspects of planning. Indeed, at the close of a devious and not very lucid argument she appears to lead herself to the extraordinary conclusion that only those things should be planned on which *all* the main political parties are able to agree. I am not quite sure whether she really means to go as far as this; or has let the argument carry her away. If she does, she has affirmed the economic compatibility of planning with democratic freedom, only to take away with one hand what she has given with the other. For what possibility is there that the parties which stand for property rights will agree to a tolerable basis for planning, say, the use of land or the provision of houses or the running of the coal mines or any of the major matters for which to-day planning is most urgently needed? There is none; and it is surely pushing much too far the doctrine of democratic consent to suggest that a majority has no right to override an obstructive minority in the making of an essential long-term plan? G. D. H. COLE

THREE STRINGS TO A BEAUTIFUL BOW

Quiver's Choice. by SAGITTARIUS. *Cape. 8s. 6d.*

The selected Sagittarius is with us, a volume of close on three hundred pages, containing the best of three previous collections and a brilliantly sustained satire, in the Hudibrastic style, on the problem of Germany. The acknowledgments make clear that you can read the author from "non-party" to very Left, as Fiddlestick, Sagittarius or Roger Service. To be a Big Three like this is surely a unique position; it is very nearly a monopoly. But although internal evidence may enable the expert to distinguish one style from another, *Quiver's Choice* is essentially a unity.

There is no need to recommend Sagittarius, nor has the time yet come to define her permanent position among the satirists. The war is now finally over, the Election is won, the London Poles are leaving, Spanish Government stocks go down; all's well, and one dips into *Quiver's Choice* with feelings which, if they are not actually smug, are at least relieved. It is a most welcome prize for the end of term. Sagittarius was always in our front line, saying what we were thinking in the way we liked to read it, elegantly imitating a known original (I have counted nearly two dozen authors parodied in the present volume) and campaigning, as a good socialist, on policy rather than personality. Most of the famous shafts are here, from *The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden* (1935) and *Guerra Bellissima* to *Dumbarton Hoax* and the appalling preamble to V-E day. I take delight in recognising my own particular favourites—*The Descent of Man,* which haunted me at Munich time, and the solemn music of *The Diehard's Farewell.*

Pass the Napoleon brandy, my strength is failing fast,
The country bound for the dogs so long has gone to the dogs at last,
Not by a Liberal hothead, not by a Labour cad
But by a Conservative Premier stabbed in the back, by Gad!
I've kept a stiff upper lip through life, a Diehard born and bred,
But even a Diehard dies at last when they make a pact with the Red.

Those who read *Quiver's Choice* in bed, to give themselves pleasant dreams, may, like myself, object to the sequence of the poems. The best order would have been a progression from 1935 to the end of this fantastic decade. But if it must be retrogression, then surely it should be a steady march back. As it is, one reads from 1943 to 1945, then from 1940 to 1943, then from 1935 to 1940, and the bowsprit gets mixed with the rudder sometimes.

A bar to the Sagittarius decorations is due for the long poem: *Who Shall Wash the Rhine?* I have not seen it in print before: in another age it would have appeared in full and become the talk of the coffee-houses. The author not only plays both sides of the Black Record, but defines St. George's general attitude to the Nazi Dragon. The poem is dated October 1942, and even in the light of Potsdam, it can be read with considerable relish.

There is a stern future ahead for the Left-wing satirist. The odds is gone: dictators and die-hards are level now with men and even the Son of Heaven joins the queue. We look to Sagittarius to keep the thunder rolling on the Left, and to avoid a mere Ginger Group Movement within the victorious majority.

MICHAEL BARSLEY

EDUCATION AND CHRISTIANITY

Building the New Age. By E. B. CASTLE. *Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.*

The Headmaster of Leighton Park School has written an important book of which wartime space prevents adequate notice. With sure instinct he hits hard at some of the most disquieting features of the times. He shows how tolerance becomes an evil when it excuses the shoddy and the mean, and insists on the austere disciplines that must underpin freedom. "What was once called sin is now called experience." He argues that Russia has more reforms to her credit than our "pagan society, which pays lip-service to a God whose demands it consistently neglects." He sees the decline of family life, disintegrated by two world wars, as a menace, and shows how inadequate housing aggravates the deterioration. While admitting the danger lest unlimited State benefits shall sap the parents' responsibility for their child, he insists that education can develop the Christian citizen. His wish that classes of twenty-five should be regarded as too big holds a grim irony now that the Ministry of Education permits, as a way out of immediate difficulties, an increase of classes in grammar schools from thirty to thirty-five. It is fatally easy to level down, and a possible result of the Education Act may be equality in the gutter.

Mr. Castle is, however, plumbing deeper depths, and follows St. Augustine in attempting to fashion a Christian society in which a man can live so "that the bad dies down in him and the good is raised up." The problem is how to enlist a population grown indifferent to God's purpose, for man as revealed in Christ. A vacuum invites a devil to fill it, and, in Mr. Auden's phrase, "To-morrow the bicycle races through the suburbs on summer evenings" may not be enough to save youth from another paranoiac with a programme. The terms of signing on in the

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Christian crusade are, however, all-important. Mr. Castle quotes Jesus and Yeats in the same breath, and speaks as if knowledge of native culture and the religion of Christ were of equal importance in education. His creed of ten points discovers a common denominator, but it only expresses an emasculated form of Christianity. What is "acceptable and adequate" is a dusty answer to eager souls hot for certainties. The intelligent young boggle less at dogma than is often imagined. Mr. Castle seems to invite anyone to ride in his broad-bottomed omnibus, whatever colour his ticket. Experience shows that it is at least open to question whether youth would not find more lasting benefit in the membership of a Church which really became militant, even if it does mean swallowing dogma, theology, sanctions, rules of conduct and all.

JOHN GARRETT

MORE NEW WRITING

Penguin New Writing 24. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. Penguin. *9d.*

Anthologies of current writing have become a wartime feature, and a very good feature it is, too, if you take into account the circumstances which often make it difficult for the writer to engage in the sustained and concentrated effort of a full-length work and for the publisher beset with wartime restrictions to print it. In these anthologies we are given a sort of critical and creative progress report on current writing and a periodical commentary on the contemporary scene. A vice can, of course, be made of a necessity, and from time to time, seeing the market swamped with little reviews and magazines and anthologies of every kind, one is inclined to wonder with what justification they use up a paper allowance which might be put to so much better use. But Mr. Lehmann is an expert as well as a veteran in this business and brings to it an editorial experience and a sense of literary values which assure the maintenance of a constant standard. In his foreword to the current *Penguin New Writing* he half promises the reader a collection at some future date of the cream of contributions to *New Writing*: this should turn out to be a highly interesting cross-section of some of the best occasional writing during the last half-dozen years.

In the latest volume we are given the well-tried mixture as before—nine stories, ten poems and five articles. Rosamond Lehmann contributes the third and penultimate instalment of the long story "Wonderful Holidays"—beautifully written if somewhat reminiscent of Virginia Woolf in her last books. Eric de Mauny has a story about a night spent by a British company in an Italian farmhouse just behind the lines, which, together with H. R. Savage's fictional reportage, "Night Attack," presents the two complementary aspects of active service. Kenneth Lo reconstructs—one presumes from an actual incident—a Chinese seaman's hundred-odd days spent quite alone on a raft in the Southern Atlantic after his ship had been torpedoed—extremely graphic in its crisp and objective style. The two other stories which stand out are Daniel George's "The Eagle," and T. C. Worsley's "The Mackenzies," both dealing with the relationship between children and grown-ups and again complementary, since the first is written from the child's point of view and the second from the grown-up's. Harry Brown's "Castel di Sangro," a ballad-like poem about three wounded American soldiers on the battlefield, sticks out a mile from the poetry section of the volume and is, from the point of view of literary excellence and accomplishment, by far the best contribution. There are also poems by A. S. J. Tessimond—a little too stylised, perhaps—by David Luke, and a longish, evocative poem about Egypt by Robert Medley, which is slightly impaired by its resemblance to the earlier Eliot. Kenneth Muir has a scholarly article about Milton's poems in their relationship to the English cultural and historical scene, "Dance Critic" discusses British choreography, Stephen Spender writes — one feels a little inconclusively —about the modern writer's attitude to society, and John Lehmann himself, in an article about "State Art and Scepticism," makes a friendly but well-reasoned and very timely criticism of the official Soviet attitude towards the function of the artist. The first instalment of an anonymous feature, "From a Painter's Notebook," is an interesting innovation.

Altogether this blend of anthology and literary review is well up to the standard of preceding volumes. And, after all, it still only costs ninepence !

W. P. RILLA

MACÉDOINE ANCIEN RÉGIME

Little Coquette. By RENÉE DE FONTARCE McCORMICK. *Heinemann.* *9s. 6d.*

Little Coquette should be read as an autobiographical fragment; it has neither the shape nor the quality of a work of fiction, being the breathless, overcrowded record of a child's life in a noble and wealthy French family from 189 to 1914. In a foreword the authoress describes people, places and events as "in essence true" and adds that the "characters and correlation of events are really fictional." The impression given is that Mrs. McCormick shrinks from a narrative of *choses vues*, and therefore throws in handful after handful of jokes, stories, and bits of dialogue not personally heard, much as a nervous cook uses a variety of flavouring to disguise her lack of experience. We seem to overhear the author saying to herself, "That M. Un Tel, who fought seventeen duels, why not put him in?—and the Duc de Chose who emptied his chamber-pot out of the window, we must have him—and little Mlle Quelconque who at the age of six received a hundred and ten dresses, what about her?"—and in they go, pell mell, regardless of the reader's digestion.

It is a pity that this unfortunately named study of the past had to be translated as we now read it; one imagines the author's native style to be succinct and decisive—not fumbling with such phrases as "do not cry, my little *chou*," "she was a woman of cream," "you sinister fool," and "you must not be cattish."

The characters are on the whole pleasing and memorable, but there are far too many of them and there is no attempt at grouping. One reviewer has rather naively stigmatised the "I" as lazy, ignorant, inquisitive and spoilt—how indeed could she have been anything else?—and in fact Mrs. McCormick is to be recommended in that she has forsworn pose and rhapsody and does not attempt the winning or abject self-presentation of the writer, who exhibits his special idiosyncrasies as a beggar his sores. While not so competently arranged, the canvas of *Little Coquette* is as massed and episodic as that of Frith's "Derby Day"; and standing out above the other hurriedly sketched figures, personable, august and a little ridiculous, are the father and mother of this sharp-eyed child. Those who enjoy descriptions of interiors should read this book; and when they tire of plush walls, white wood-work, satin curtains and kid gloves, may turn to such scenes as these:

> I would feast on sour milk, with two great slices of bread baked in a primitive oven, covered with thick slabs of sweet butter and seasoned with spring onions. . . . The dairy smelled of all those wonderful milk products: butter, sour cream, cheeses, everything gently preparing or mellowing for our table. In fattening-boxes capons were stuffing themselves for our frying-pans. An enor-

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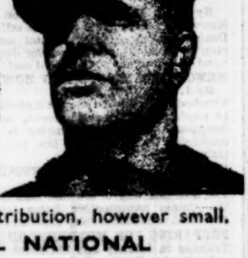

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mous pig was rolling in the manure of his pen, or guzzling from his trough while waiting without anticipation to be transformed into sausages, minced pork and chitterlings.

Finally, one is left with the impression that the author has more to say and that we shall want to hear what it is.

HESTER W. CHAPMAN

Jewish Labour Economy in Palestine. By G. MUENZNER. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Muenzner sets out to give the facts and figures of the interlocked economic structure of the Jewish Labour Movement in Palestine. He examines the balance sheets of all the different types of undertaking in which the Labour Movement appears either as the controlling factor or as an important partner. And he expounds the relations with private enterprise. It is a remarkable achievement which he records. The Jewish Federation of Labour includes in its members more than half the Jewish adult population of Palestine. It is both a political party and a federation of trade unions. Its economic development has been concentrated particularly on agricultural production; and it is responsible for far the larger part of the Jewish communal and smallholder settlements, which account for 70 per cent. of the mixed farming. It is responsible also for an equal proportion of the road transport, for the most important contracting enterprise in the country, a system of health insurance which covers a quarter of a million persons, an unemployment fund and enterprises designed to give employment, a Hebrew newspaper, which has the largest circulation, and other cultural activities, and the principal purchasing and marketing instruments of the Jewish agricultural population. All these activities are linked together through a holding company: the General Co-operative Association of Jewish Labour, whose total assets are less than £400,000; but the capital invested by the members of the Labour Federation in the co-operative societies and companies amounts to some £16,000,000. The Federation does, in fact, much of the work of the Social State, and does it without the power of the State, through the devotion and enthusiasm of its members. That they have been able to achieve in twenty years a self-supporting economy both agricultural and industrial, in an immigrant population, which commanded little capital and had scarcely any knowledge of agriculture, is due partly to the help of national capital, subscribed by the Jewish people, partly to outstanding administrative and business ability, but mainly to the non-economic idealism of the people.

Week-end Competitions

No. 813

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for a letter—or an extract from a letter—written during the holiday season by an animal in the Zoo to a relative still at large abroad. Limit, 200 words. Entries to be received by Sept. 4th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 810

Set by Pink Flower

Lord Keynes described the Parliament that met after the election of 1918 as a "set of hard-faced business men who looked as though they had done well out of the war." The usual prizes are offered for a set of similarly descriptive phrases on each of the parties in the new House of Commons, not forgetting Independents.

Report by Pink Flower

How many competitors have ever read Lord Keynes's phrase in its original context? It is a shrewd comment which deserved to become a political classic. Too many entrants mistook it for a wisecrack or produced smart answers which would seem incongruous in the sober setting of a book on history or economics. I was hoping that this competition would yield at least one entry which, for its pungency and wit, would be taken up and endowed with a currency equal to the original. The flint of inspiration, alas, produced few sparks. I am at a loss to find a single entry which sustains a high level throughout, although quite a number of competitors managed to throw off one or two phrases of considerable merit. I am printing a selection of these and recommend that three guineas be shared amongst those marked with an asterisk.

Conservatives: The Conservatives reassembled with the rueful expression of men who had praised their God and dried themselves up with their own powder.

Liberal Nat.: The Liberal National Party might well have advertised itself in the *Times* as "ex-office-holders, go any place, do anything."

I.L.P.: Having failed to make a four, the I.L.P. resumed with a sigh its game of cut-throat.

*R. F. LESLIE

Labour: Like Cinderella when the shoe fitted.

Conservative: Like Lord Curzon if his under-footman had slapped him on the back.

Liberal: The duckling who, after all, didn't turn into a swan.

Independents: Like the family at a wedding who have little in common, and will take good care not to meet again when the beano is over. *D. H.

Liberals: A company of high-class morticians with a corpse so skilfully embalmed that they cannot believe it is really dead.

Tories: A group of self-confident people staggered at meeting a goose who has said "Boo!" to them.

National Liberals: A cosy family of fleas anguished at finding that the dog has died on them.

Socialists: Evangelists, who, after preaching the New Jerusalem for years, find, a little to their surprise, the hods and trowels thrust into their hands.

Independents: Neutrons producing a marked release of energy by bombarding the atom of parliamentary stolidity. *W. H. G. PRICE

Independents: A few strong-minded Englishmen, whose independence of the many is as great as the many's independence of them.

*SIR ROBERT WITT

Conservatives: They appear like the shrunken Gulliver upon the meal-table of the Brobdingnagian labourers.

Liberals: Each seems exultant in his own survival.

Independents: Their variegated aspect and show of determination illustrate the perpetuation of the Quixotic ideal. *RALPH ELSLEY

Conservatives: A National Figure followed by many noughts.

Liberals: A Brains Trust without its Question-master.

Communists: Two red spots pretending to be a rash.

REDLING

Independents: With all the activity and assurance of creatures who have never known the whip.

LITTLE BILLEE

Independents: They rather suggest the jury in Alice in Wonderland, errant but earnest and always liable to be suppressed. PANTAREI

Labour: Like a collection of sweepstake winners, jubilant but incredulous.

Liberal National: Parasites who all but perished with their host.

Independents: The gallant cavalry—firmly mounted on their hobby-horses. *H. P. MEADWAY

Common Wealth: A bomber pilot being used as a single-seat fighter.

Conservatives: A set of hard-faced business men who have not done so well out of the war.

I.L.P.: Three old maids ever failing to understand why they have not been fruitful and multiplied.

UNCLE ARFA

Personal

YOUNG woman grad., for health reasons ordered to live month by sea, urgently seeks accom. No special consideration necessary. P.G., anything; anywhere. Likely addresses or cancellations welcd. Box A1615.

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